THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 20. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

STATE CONVENTION, A.O.H.

Fine Gathering of Delegates From the Different Illinois Divisions at Danville—Successful Parade—Stirring Address by State President John T. Keating.

"The Citizen" Declared the Official Organ of the Ancient Order in the State of Illinois.

DANVILLE, Ill., May 12.—The eighteenth annual State convention of the A.O.H. met in this city today. J. T. Keating presiding. The welcoming address was made by Acting Mayor A. W. Heinley. The opening address, which was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic plaudits, was made by State President John T. Keating as follows:

I extend to this splendid gathering my heartfelt greeting and warmest congratulations on the success of their efforts, and rejoicing in their continued interest in the Order. The increase of the Order, notably interrupted by the certainly unjustifiable opposition with the promise of still greater success in the future. It is a regrettable report that four counties were in such condition on our election as to be counted out existing on paper, and after vain attempts, by correspondence, to revive the organization, we have had their names from the roster. We replaced them, with six other counties, which are in a flourishing living condition, but which local care and personal supervision before they can be permitted to trust to themselves. Eighteen divisions have been added to the report of 1895. I have had the pleasure of meeting a majority of the new members in Cook and Will counties, and can assure the convention that better material could not be selected for the building up of the grand old Order. The number of members dropped has been a subject of serious concern, and it would be well if more care were used, either in selecting candidates or in looking after those who, after six months' membership, drop from our ranks.

Our relations with the clergy of our church have been much strengthened, and the interest of the several pastors in the Order is now manifested to a greater extent than was noticeable here for many years. One matter which may be alluded to is the necessity of consideration of that section of our by-laws relating to separation. Either by circular or by some other method, the attention of every member should be called to

IN LINE FOR M'KINLEY

INDIANA REPUBLICANS THREE TO ONE FOR THE MAJOR.

About the Way the Viva Voce Vote Stood and No One Called for a Division—What the Platform Says on the Currency—Harrison Stays Away.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 8.—"Believing, as we do, in a protective tariff, the leading issue before the people, we favor the nomination as president of the United States of the man who perfectly represents a protective tariff and the cardinal principles of the Republican party; a man who has devoted his life to the defense of his country in war and in peace. * * * A man who, with the resistless shibboleth, 'Protection and prosperity,' has challenged the attention of the commercial world and won the support of every patriotic workingman of our country; whose life and work, open as a book, are in themselves a platform, and whose very name is magic. That loyal American citizen, soldier, statesman and Christian gentleman is William McKinley, of Ohio; and the delegates to the Republican national convention selected by this body are directed to cast their vote for William McKinley as frequently and continuously as there is any hope of his nomination." That was the reply the Indiana Republican convention gave to the question: "Instructions or no instructions?"

And it was done without trouble. There was no "fight," and so well had the individual delegates known what was going to happen that as soon as it was done it was forgotten—it had simply been a matter of course with the vast majority of delegates. They were like the young woman who when asked by the preacher if she would "take this man for her wedded husband" said: "Why that's what I came for." The platform embodying the instructions was adopted by a viva voce vote and without division, the chairman's decision that the motion to adopt had carried being received without a challenge. General Harrison did not make his eagerly-expected speech to the delegates and did not visit the convention at all.

Plank on the National Finances.

The great question, which was no question and never had been a question except in the minds of the wiseacres, being settled the next matter of interest in the convention is what it said as to finances. The financial plank is as follows: "We are firm and emphatic in our demand for honest money. We believe that our money should not be inferior to the money of the most enlightened nations of the earth. We are unalterably opposed to every scheme that threatens to debase or depreciate our currency. We favor the use of silver as currency, but to the extent only and under such regulations that its parity with gold can be maintained, and in consequence are opposed to the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1." As to the rest of the declaration it is a standard Republican one on pensions, tariff, immigration, etc.

It took six ballots to nominate a candidate for governor, and when he came to the front he was not one of those who had been looked upon as a winner. Mount was the man by the following vote which was made unanimous on motion of Griffin: Mount, 703; Griffin, 429; Denny, 251—rest of the votes scattering. Attempts to adjourn were defeated and W. L. Haggard, of Tippecanoe county, was nominated for lieutenant governor; W. D. Owen, of Cass, for secretary of state; A. C. Dailey, of Boone, for auditor; Fred J. Scheitz for treasurer.

The ticket chosen was as follows: Delegates-at-large, R. W. Thompson, of Vigo county; C. W. Fairbanks, of Marion; F. M. Milliken, of Henry; General Lew Wallace, of Montgomery. Alternates, R. T. McDonald, of Allen; Hiram Brownlee, of Grant; R. O. Hopkins, of Vanderburgh; George L. Knox (colored), of Marion. Electors-at-large, H. G. Thayer, of Marshall; C. E. Jones, of Henry.

Scheitz for treasurer; reporter of the supreme court, Charles F. Remy; superintendent of public instruction, D. M. Geeting of Jefferson; state statistician, S. J. Thompson, of Shelby; appellate judges—W. R. Robinson, of Gibson; W. J. Henley, of Rush, and J. B. Black, of Marion. The convention was in session till 3 o'clock this morning.

DEMOCRATS OF NEW JERSEY.

Strong for the Gold Standard and Cleveland Administration.

TRENTON, May 8.—The Democratic convention met here and elected four delegates-at-large to the national convention at Chicago as follows: United States Senator James Smith, Jr., of Essex county; ex-United States Senator Rufus Blodgett, of Monmouth; ex-State Chairman Allan L. McDermott, of Hudson, and ex-Judge Albert Tallman, of Gloucester. The election of sixteen district delegates was also ratified. The platform adopted declared strongly for a gold money standard, and warmly indorsed the administration of President Cleveland.

The fact that Cleveland has not expressed himself as willing to accept the nomination was the only thing that prevented an effort to instruct the delegates for his renomination. The Cleveland sentiment in the convention was strong and the effort might have proved successful had it been made. No effort was made to instruct the delegates, but much enthusiasm was evoked by the chairman's mention in his speech of the name of ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts. Among the delegates from the southern portion of the state the sentiment is largely for ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania.

More Democrats for Free Silver.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 8.—The largest Democratic state convention ever held in Tennessee has met and adjourned. It was a free silver convention from start to finish. Fully 3,500 delegates and visitors were in town. Senators Isham G. Harris and W. E. Bate; E. W. Carmack, of Memphis, and T. M. McConnell, of Chattanooga, were chosen delegates from the state-at-large to Chicago. Ex-Governor Robert Taylor was nominated for governor.

Fatal Cyclone in South Dakota.

ST. PAUL, May 9.—A Clark, S. D., special to The Pioneer Press says: A severe storm of a cyclonic nature passed over here. The house of G. H. Lindland, twelve miles southwest, was taken up by the wind and carried a distance of fifty feet and destroyed. There were ten persons in the house and Mrs. Lindland is reported killed, while other members of the family are more or less injured.

FIRE FIENDS FURY.

It Descends on the Lumber District at Ashland, Wis.

ASHLAND, Wis., May 11.—The most fierce and rapid destruction of property by fire that Ashland has ever seen occurred Saturday, accompanied by loss of life. Nearly $500,000 worth of property was destroyed, consisting of lumber, valuable docks and lumber plants. The Shore Mill plant, about the finest on the bay, is a mass of ruins. The entire system of docks is being slowly burned to the water's edge. Twelve million feet of lumber on these docks have been reduced to ashes, and the east dock of Durfee's plant, with the millions of feet of lumber piled thereupon, has been consumed by the resistless flames. Shore's loss amounts to $295,000. Durfee's loss on the dock is about $25,000, and the lumber on his dock burned was worth $80,000.

The Shore mill was worth $115,000, the dock system $100,000 and the lumber destroyed $80,000. The lumber on Durfee's dock was owned mostly by outside parties. The North Wisconsin Lumber company, of Hayward, Wis., owned 3,000,000 feet, worth $40,000, that was destroyed, and the Haynes Lumber company, of Orienta, Wis., 1,000,000. Other losses were the Ketcham Lumber company, of Chicago; Barnett Reynold, of Superior; Sawyer & Tuxbury, of Tonawanda; Silverthorne, of Buffalo, and Charles Crogster, J. F. Vandoseer and N. Boutin, of this city. Most of these were well covered with insurance. Shore's insurance on lumber and mill was about 80 per cent. of loss. Durfee's mill and the immense Keystone lumber plant caught fire several times, but was saved and at 3 o'clock the fire was under control.

The saddest part of the story of the fire is that three lives were lost as follows: Peter Engeman, John Nolander and Ole Olson. The body of Peter Engeman has been taken from the bay. His clothes took fire early in the day, and 1,000 people saw him plunge into the water to escape the flames surrounding and enveloping him. The total loss is $478,000, and the insurance $350,000. About 400 men are thrown out of employment by the fire.

HOLMES IS HANGED.

His Last Words Are That He Is Innocent of the Pitzel Murder.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8.—Did H. H. Holmes kill anybody? is the question raised by his last words, a moment before he shot through the trap at Moyamensing prison yesterday. These are the words:

"GENTLEMEN, I have very few words to say. In fact I would make no remarks at this time, except that by not speaking I would appear to acquiesce in my execution. I only wish to say the extent of my wrongdoing in taking human life consisted in the death of two women, they having died at my hands as a result of criminal operations.

"I wish to state here, so there can be no chance of misunderstanding, that I am not guilty of taking the lives of any of the Pitzel family—the three children and Benjamin, the father, of whose death I was condemned, and for which I am today to be hanged. That is all I have to say."

Holmes' hands were manacled behind him, the noose and the black cap were adjusted and the stillness was broken by a sound that echoed along the corridors like the sharp crack of a pistol. The body shot up and then hung without a tremor. As the echoes died away the voices of the priests softly arose. They were chanting the prayers for those in the agonies of death. Five minutes later six physicians examined the body. They gave no official opinion, but Dr. Butcher privately stated that a broken neck had undoubtedly caused death.

BANKERS IN CONSPIRACY.

So Says Judge Wall in the Ramsay State Money Case.

CARLYLE, Ill., May 12.—Ten Chicago bankers conspired with the late Rufus N. Ramsay, as treasurer of Illinois, to violate the law and wrongfully to use the money of the people for their own pecuniary benefit.

This is the decision of Judge George A. Wall in the case entitled "John H. Witbeck et al. vs. the estate of Rufus N. Ramsay, deceased," which decision was filed here yesterday.

This decision will give the estate to the local creditors of Ramsay's bank.

Old-Time River Horror.

LOUISVILLE, May 12.—A special from Vicksburg, Miss., to The Evening Post says: One of the most terrible river disasters of recent years occurred Sunday night about twenty-five miles below this city. The tow boat Harry Brown, of Pittsburg, upward bound from New Orleans, exploded her boilers at 11 o'clock at night. The boat was a complete wreck, and sank in less than five minutes. Eleven lives are known to be lost, including: Pilot Norman Dravo; G. W. Bardsley, steersman; William Dougherty, chief engineer; Miss Annie Hess, chambermaid; Tom Judge, fireman; William Wilson, fireman; First Mate William Fitzsimmons; Second Mate Pat Carniff; William Kelly, lamp trimmer. The following are missing: Frank Adrian, of Cincinnati; John Wagner, of Louisville.

Milwaukee Street Railway Strike.

MILWAUKEE, May 12.—Street cars were running on many lines yesterday manned by new men, mostly imported from Chicago. The company is advertising in the local papers for more motormen and conductors, and claims that it is receiving applications by the score. The railway officials assert that within three days cars will be running on all lines as before the strike and that they expect no trouble. It is feared, however, that there will be trouble, as the strikers are growing ugly at the ominous manner in which they are being ignored by the company.

The Chicago Marshall Murder.

CHICAGO, May 12.—Two witnesses positively identified Clarence White as one of the murderers of Thomas J. Marshall, who was shot to death because he objected to an attempt to rob his store. White was the chief witness against Dix, the detective whom a jury sent to life imprisonment for killing another man whom he thought was White and who was helping escape justice at the time of the shooting.

Death of Puck's Editor.

NEW YORK, May 12.—H. C. Bunner, editor of Puck, died yesterday at his home in Nutley, N

AGREE TO DIFFER.

Decision of the Methodist Committee on Eligibility of Women.

CLEVELAND, May 8.—By a vote of 425 to 98 the Methodist general conference decided that the four women delegates might retain their seats. This does not mean that the women have won a complete victory. The decision was reached simply as the result of a compromise, and with the understanding that it should not prejudice the claims of women in the future or establish a precedent for future conferences to follow. But by the same vote by which the women were given seats the conference also decided to submit to the annual conferences a proposed amendment to the constitution providing that hereafter all general conference delegates shall be over 25 years of age, and that they shall have been members of the Methodist church for at least five years prior to their election.

It also provides that no conference shall be debarred from at least one ministerial and one lay delegate. This constitutional amendment is to be submitted to the annual conferences and must receive a three-fourths vote to be adopted. The amendment is construed to mean that women as well as men will be eligible as lay delegates, the word "laymen" not being used. The members of the committee on eligibility who signed the compromise report were evidently of the opinion that the question could be settled by the general conference, as it was only one which involved the proper interpretation of the constitution. However, it was deemed better to let the annual conferences decide the matter, hence the proposed change in the constitution was submitted.

CLOSING CHAPTOR OF A FAKE.

The One Making the Philosopher's Stone Out of Roentgen's Rays.

ST. PAUL, May 11.—A fatal accident occurred to Charles Johnson and George Minear, of Fairfield, Ia. They had been manufacturing gold with the X rays, their remarkable discovery. Having a quantity of the metal transformed they were preparing to cast it into bricks when they met their death by a large crucible of molten gold falling upon them.

They stumbled while carrying it, the liquid metal flowed over their heads, hardening instantly and smothering both to death. In removing the gold the faces of the victims showed but little disfigurement, but perfect casts of their features had been made.

Sentenced to Death.

HAVANA, May 11.—The five men caught with the American filibuster Competitor were found guilty and sentenced to death by the court martial that tried them. The Spanish government has been asked to approve the sentences. The men sentenced are: Alfredo Laborde, said to be the leader of the party and claiming American citizenship; Dr. Elias Bedia, also claiming American citizenship; William Gildea, said to be a British subject; John Melton, a native of Kansas; Teodoro Mata. This places the fate of the men in the hands of the authorities at Madrid and insures that they will not be executed without an order from the Spanish government. James Creelman, correspondent of the New York World, and Frederick W. Lawrence, correspondent of the New York Journal, who were ordered out of the island, have sailed for New York.

Riotous Miners at Butte.

ST. PAUL, May 9.—A Butte, Mont., special to The Pioneer Press says: Two hundred and fifty miners, comprising all the employes of the Berns mines, struck because the foreman had resigned on account of dislike for Timekeeper Applegate. General Manager Heinze put new men to work and the strikers drove them from the mine with threats of violence. A threat was made to hang the new foreman, Gibbons, and he was forced into a carriage and taken down town. The Miners' union refuses to take up the cause of the strikers.

Montana Republicans.

BUTTE, May 12.—At the Montana Republican convention radical free silver resolutions were adopted and Republicans in congress who approve the president's financial policy were denounced. A resolution authorizing the delegates to St. Louis to bolt if nothing is done for silver was tabled. The delegates were not instructed.

The Scott Jackson Trial.

NEWPORT, Ky., May 11.—All Saturday the attorneys in the Scott Jackson trial were engaged in presenting instructions which they desired the judge to present to the jury. The usual conferences and discussions crowded out the argument, which was to have begun in the afternoon. Arguments will be begun today.

Total Death Roll Is Eleven.

CINCINNATI, May 9.—The workmen have now so far removed the wreckage from the building destroyed by the explosion on Monday night on Walnut street that it is apparent that no more bodies are to be found. The death list, therefore, will probably remain at eleven.

Forty Men Lost at Sea.

ST. JOHN, N. F., May 12.—Two sealing vessels belonging to Bonnebay are supposed to have been lost in the straits of Belle Isle. The crews of the vessels aggregate in number forty men.

Fire in a Kentucky Town.

OWENSBORO, Ky., May 11.—Thirteen business houses and three dwellings were burned at Sebree Friday. No insurance

THE DEATH RECORD.

ANDREW B. FULLER, noted horticulturist and entomologist, at Ridgewood, N. J

Mrs. ELIZABETH BROWN, wealthy woman of Madison, Wis.

THOMAS M. BASSETT, widely known merchant, at Indianapolis.

JOSEPH H. DIXON, ex-chief of police, at Chicago.

WILLIAM EVERHART, a veteran and old resident of La Porte, Ind.

Rev. C. F. BRADLEY, Unitarian minister, at Quincy, Ills.

Captain M. E. PECK, veteran ship owner, at Detroit.

FRANK AGNEW, well known citizen of Chicago.

WILLIAM DESOLLAR, wealthy farmer and ex-soldier, at Mount Vernon, Ills.

WILLIAM BRADLEY, wealthy banker at Centerville, Ia.

WILLIAM SIMPSON SLOAN, well-known railway man, at New York.

JESSE S. ZORN, mayor of Peru, Ind.

Dr. SALMON, oldest Free Mason in the world, at London

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Telegraphic Items Received from Various Portions of the State Which Will Let the Readers Know What Is Going On—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters.

PEORIA, Ills., May 11.—A gas explosion Friday caused $6,000 damage to the commission house of Thomas & Co. and seriously injured A. N. Thomas, Thomas Ballantine, Miss Lou Drake and James Brehm. South Washington street is being paved and the gas company is running mains to all the buildings. In the Thomas & Co. building they neglected to place a plug on the end of the main. The gas escaped rapidly, and finally reached the banana room, in which a fire is constantly kept. There was an explosion, heard for many blocks.

A. N. Thomas, the proprietor, was blown through a plate glass window, but fortunately was not seriously injured. Thomas Ballantine, city editor of The Journal, was badly injured by falling glass and a big desk which dropped on his legs. He was weak from the loss of blood and was removed to his home. Miss Lou Drake, the stenographer, was badly cut about the head by falling glass, and James Brehm, the shipping clerk, was badly burned and bruised. His case is the most critical, but it is though he will recover.

CODY LAW IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Barber Shops in Illinois May Now Run "Wide Open."

QUINCY, May 12.—The supreme court of Illinois has decided that the Cody law for Sunday closing of barber shops is unconstitutional.

Report on Illinois Wheat.

SPRINGFIELD, May 11.—The Illinois state board of agriculture has issued a crop bulletin as follows: Growing wheat, northern section, 96 per cent, a seasonable average; central, 90 per cent; southern, 83. The small area seed last fall will reduce the crop. The crop looks better since the spring rains. Old chinch bugs are doing much damage in many sections. Hard rains are badly needed to kill them. The Hessian fly has done no damage yet.

Thirty Thousand Dollar Fire at Peoria.

PEORIA, Ills., May 11.—Fire destroyed the principal business block in Wyoming, Stark county, including the following buildings: G. G. Davis, drugs; L. Fuicks, clothing; H. J. Cosgrove, grocer, and W. G. Snyder, meats. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $17,000. Several firemen were slightly injured.

Frightful Fall to Death.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 12.—Nicholas Young, a blacksmith, was killed Sunday by falling down the air shaft of Sangamon shaft No. 1. He was at work on a ventillation when he slipped and fell a distance of 250 feet. Almost every bone in his body was broken.

Sale of a Railway Ordered.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 8.—In the United States circuit court Judge Allen entered an order for the sale of the Jacksonville, Louisville and St. Louis railroad on Wednesday, June 10, 1896, at Jacksonville under a decree of foreclosure.

Railroad Conductor Found Murdered.

SPRINGFIELD, May 9.—J. E. Brooker, of Havana, a conductor on the Big Four railroad, was found lying dead on the Wabash railroad in Litchfield, southwest of this city. It was a case of murder, but not for robbery.

Chinch Bugs in the Prairie State.

SPRINGFIELD, May 8.—Chinch bugs have put in their appearance all over central Illinois and are laying their eggs, which will hatch and destroy the growing oats, rye and wheat.

State Notes.

Laura Barthelma, aged 6 years, was killed by an electric car in Joliet, Ills.

Fire burned down a barn and storage house at 1001 North Halstead street, Chicago. Nine horses were burned.

The society ladies of Rockford, Ills., have decided to become conductors on the cars of the City Railway company in that city Saturday, May 16, when a portion of the receipts will be devoted to charity.

The Naperville, Ills., city council has passed a curfew ordinance making it unlawful for any boy or girl under the age of 15 to be abroad upon the streets, alleys or public grounds of the city between the hours of 9 o'clock p. m. and 6 o'clock a. m. unless accompanied by some person of lawful age.

The Illinois board of agriculture has set apart Tuesday, Sept. 29, at the state fair, as old soldiers' day. All veterans will be presented badges that will admit them free to the fair on that day.

A supposed rabid dog created excitement among the crowds in Garfield park, Chicago. Everybody fled from it and bloomer girls climbed trees. The animal was shot by a policeman.

Failure of the "Oatmeal King."

AKRON, O., May 11.—Ferdinand Schumacher, president of the American Cereal company and known as the "Oatmeal King," has made an assignment and turned his property over to his nephew, Hugo Schumacher, and Attorney J. A. Arbogast of this city. The assets, which consist of $1,100,000 in American Cereal company stock, other similar securities and real estate, would reach $2,000,000 if there was a market for them. The liabilities will reach $1,500,000. The immediate cause of the failure was due to Mr. Schumacher's inability to meet paper coming to maturity this month and amounting to $2,000,000.

Great Fire at L'Anse, Mich.

MARQUETTE, May 11.—Later reports from L'Anse fully confirm all details of the fire and give aggregate losses approximately correct. No clew has yet been secured as to the real origin of fire. The L'Anse Lumber company lost not only the mill, but its dock and the lumber piled on it, amounting to over 2,000,000 feet, were entirely burned. The old ore dock, which cost $150,000 to build, but which has not for some years been in use, was burned. The entire town except a few scattered houses was destroyed. Fifty families, numbering about 300 persons, are homeless. The loss is roughly estimated at from $500,000 to $750,000.

Greater New York Bill Signed.

ALBANY, May 12.—Governor Morton signed the greater New York bill Monday.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—In the senate during debate on the bond resolution Vest declared that the officeholders and postmasters in Michigan controlled the late Democratic convention and forced a gold plank into the platform. Palmer spoke against the resolution and Hill concluded his speech, when the resolution was adopted—51 to 6—the latter being Caffrey, Faulkner, Gray, Hill, Mitchell of Wisconsin, and Palmer. The river and harbor bill was considered without action. Little other business was done.

An act passed to amend the bill creating the court of appeals was all the business done by the house. Pickler, angry at the refusal of the house Wednesday to remain in session to pass private pension bills, obstructed business with points of no quorum and threatened to continue that line.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The river and harbor bill was completed in the senate with the exception of the item for a deep sea harbor on the Pacific coast. This has aroused keen opposition, two California senators opposing the proposed contract for a harbor at Santa Monica bay on the ground that it is a project fostered by the Southern Pacific railroad and against public sentiment. The bill for the erection of a bridge across the Detroit river at Detroit was postponed until next session.

The members of the house voted themselves $100 per month for clerks' hire during the recesses of congress by making the clerk's salaries run the whole year instead of during the sessions. It had the support of Cannon, chairman of the appropriations committee, but was opposed by Dingley, the floor leader of the majority. An analysis of the vote shows that 116 Republicans, 18 Democrats, and 1 silverite voted for it, and 53 Republicans, 58 Democrats, and 1 Populist against it. A few bills of no general interest were passed, together with some pension bills, and a night session was held for further consideration of pensions. Adjourned to Monday.

At the night session twenty-two private pension bills were passed and the seventy-two favorably acted upon Wednesday in committee were reported formally to the house.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—In the senate the paragraph of the river and harbor bill for a deep water harbor at Santa Monica bay, Cal., is still uncompleted. The California senators are fighting this paragraph on the ground that it is a Southern Pacific railway scheme. Dubois introduced a resolution prohibiting the sale of any more bonds without the consent of congress. It went over on objection. The bill to pension the widow of Captain Allaback, vetoed by the president, was reported with the recommendation that it pass over the veto.

A resolution was adopted inquiring how many aliens are employed in the departments. Bills were passed: Giving to the evidence of private soldiers the same weight as that of officers in pension cases; amending the pension law of 1890 so that the absence of an honorable discharge shall not be a bar to pension, provided there is no charge of desertion; amending the pension laws so as to make mustering into service prima facie evidence of sound body and mind.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—The senate passed a few bills of local interest and then put in the remainder of the day on the amendment to the river and harbor bill providing for a harbor at Santa Monica, Cala. Frye was speaking in favor of the amendment when an adjournment took place, which was brought about by the lack of a quorum when some pension bills came up.

The session of the house was almost entirely devoted to the consideration of District of Columbia business. A bill was passed to authorize the secretary of the treasury to detail revenue cutters to enforce regulations at regattas. A preliminary conference report on the Indian appropriation bill was agreed to, and the title of Maddox, of Georgia, to his seat was confirmed.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, May 11.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¾ for demand and 487¾@488 for sixty days; posted rates, 488½@489 and 490@490; commercial bills, 487.

Silver certificates, 67¼@68¼; no sales; bar silver, 67¼; Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's registered, 117¼; do. coupons, 117¾; 5's registered, 113½; do. coupons, 113½; 4's registered, 105¾; 4's coupons, 110; Pacific 6's of '95, 103½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, May 11.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 60½c, closed 61¾c; June opened 62¾c, closed 63¾c; July, opened 64½c, closed 65¾c. Corn—May, opened 29c, closed 29¼c; July, opened 30¾c, closed 30½c; September, opened 31½c, closed 31½c. Oats — May, nominal, closed 19¾c; June, nominal, closed 19¾c; July, opened 19½c, closed 19½c. Pork—May, nominal, closed $7.80½; July, opened $7.82½, closed $7.60. Lard—May, nominal, closed $4.55; July, opened $4.60, closed $4.62½c.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 15c per lb.; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 8c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb; chickens (hens), 5½@6c; roosters, 5@5½c; ducks, 9@10c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, 12@15 per bushel; mixed, 10@12c. New potatoes, $2.00@2.80 per bbl. Apples—Fair to fancy, $2.00@3.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $8.00@7.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 13@16c per lb; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5½@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 11.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 40,000; sales ranged at $3.75@3.85 pigs, $3.80@3.85 light, $3.00@3.15 rough packing, $3.80@3.85 mixed and $3.80@3.40 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; quotations ranged at $4.10@4.85 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.00@4.35 good to choice do., $3.75@4.10 fair to good, $3.50@3.85 common to medium do., $3.25@3.50 butchers' steers, $2.80@3.60 stockers, $2.25@3.00 feeders, $1.65@2.70 cows, $2.80@3.95 heifers, $2.00@3.00 bulls, $2.85@3.90 Texas steers, and $3.00@4.60 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.80 westerns, $2.60@3.55 Texans, $3.50@3.90 natives and $3.25@4.85 lambs.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, May 11.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 63½c, No. 1 northern, 65½@66; July, 65¼c. Corn—No. 3, 28½c. Oats—No. 1 white, 20½c; No. 2 do., 20½c. Barley—No. 2, 32½@c; samples, 29½@32. Rye—No. 1, 35½c.

Detroit.

DETROIT, May 11.

Wheat—Cash white, 70c bid; cash red, 69c; May, 69c; July, 65½c; August, 66c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday May 6.

Fifty Osage Indians are taking the Keeley cure in Oklahoma.

Senator Stewart announces the wedding of his daughter, Isabelle, to Francis L. Payson for May 16 at 1 o'clock. The date and time are understood to have been selected by the senator, who is superstitious and thinks 16 to 1 auspicious.

Theodore R. Graham, formerly a member of the firm of Young, Smyth, Field & Co., Philadelphia, has disappeared, and it is said his finances are badly tangled.

"Dad" Culp, a butcher at Roneceverte, W. Va., shot and fatally wounded his wife and son and in return was shot himself, but not fatally, by his son.

Mrs. H. Eastby and her daughter Clara have started from Spokane to walk to New York. They live on a farm near Spokane and hope to make enough money in the venture to lift a mortgage.

The federal supreme court has decided that telegraph companies are liable to damages for delayed messages.

Thursday, May 7.

Colonel North, the so-called "Nitrate king," while presiding at a meeting at the Nitrate company's offices, in the Woolpack building, London, fainted in his chair and expired at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The Salvation Army is planning to form a cavalry company of both lads and lassies.

A bill has been favorably reported to the United States senate authorizing the purchase of the toll roads in Yosemite National park and making them free to the public.

The American Trading company (limited), of New York, is in the hands of a receiver. Liabilities, $826,807; nominal assets, $701,845; actual assets, $243,829.

French excavators at Delphi have unearthed a life-size bronze statue of a bearded man, the largest yet discovered. The date of the work is 500 B. C. The statue is holding the bridle of a horse, and portions of the horse's figure have also been found.

According to a Portland, Me., dispatch Speaker Reed has positively refused to accept a renomination for congress.

Friday, May 8.

Chairman Carter has called the Republican national convention to meet at the Southern hotel, St. Louis, Wednesday, June 10 next, to attend to the preliminaries of the Republican national convention, which opens on the 16th.

W. K. K. Thompson was fined in the police court at Little Rock for trying to kiss his mother-in-law, Mrs. M. A. Simpson.

Graduates at Chicago of Hanover college, Hanover, Ind., have organized an alumni association. John M. Coulter was elected president and Robert B. McCain corresponding secretary.

The father of the convicted murderer, W. W. Pancoast, who is sentenced to be hanged in North Dakota, died of grief at Wooster, O. His wife is also at the point of death because of their son's disgrace.

A combine is reported to have been formed by 110 leading millers under the name of the North American Milling company. Leading Minneapolis mills are members and the price of flour is to be advanced at once.

Saturday, May 9.

Dr. Leach, an American Protestant missionary, his wife, and his infant son were the victims of murder for revenge at Sfax, Algiers. Three natives have been arrested.

Romulus Cotell, the self-confessed murderer of the Stone family at Tallmadge, O., six weeks ago, was arraigned at Akron and pleaded not guilty.

Clara Barton, president of the Red Cross society, appeals for doctors to go and fight epidemics in Armenia.

J. Watson Hildreth, the boy train wrecker of Rome, N. Y., has received a life sentence. His companions, Plato and Hibbard, pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the first degree and were sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment on two indictments, or forty years in all.

Judge Maynard, of Boston, Mass., disposed of fifty divorce cases in six hours.

A man supposed to be John H. Wilson, from some place in Virginia, died suddenly at Columbus, Ind., and in a belt about his waist was found $10,265 in cash.

In attempting to stop a circus train to save a wreck near Topeka, Kas., the engineer applied the air brake so suddenly that half a dozen people were injured in the shake-up. Mrs. Lapeart, wife of the proprietor of the circus, is in a precarious condition.

Monday, May 11.

Heavy rains have fallen in Kansas and Nebraska and the wheat crop is feeling its better spirits.

Fire in the United States rug factory at Cincinnati inflicted damage of $60,000; insurance light.

Mrs. Augusta F. Hilgedick, wife of a prominent farmer of Faxon township, Sibley county, Minn., was drowned in Minnesota river together with her small son, whom she attempted to save.

In experimental firing at a turret under circumstances, except as to distance, similar to one on a war vessel the naval officers at the Indian Head proving grounds knocked the turret "out" with the 12-inch gun.

The Nashville American has been placed in the hands of a receiver. The paper is seventy years old.

Annie Anderson, aged 24 years, at Trenton, N. J., was shot by Joseph Graham, who immediately afterward shot himself. Both died.

Mike Walsh would rock a boat in which he and two girls were riding at South Chicago. Mike Walsh is dead now and so is Mary Barry, one of the girl.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

HUGH'S HOME COMING

My brother Hugh and I were twins and loved each other with a fervor that grew in intensity as we advanced in years. Perhaps the peculiar affection which is said to exist between twins was strong in us.

Our home, a little cottage of rough hewn stone, was situated in one of the wild but beautiful vales that lie north of Bala.

We played together, Hugh and I, climbed the rocky hills together, boated on the tiny lakelet together and, when we were old enough, tramped over the hills to school together. We were inseparable. The dangers of one were the dangers of the other; his sorrows were mine, and my joys were his. So our lives passed in simple, childlike happiness until we were 18, when a thing happened that strained the strength even of our love to its very uttermost tension.

We would either of us have willingly and cheerfully died for her—the girl we loved. But we would also, if there had been need, as cheerfully and willingly died for each other.

Many times we walked together to her home at Bala and pulled across the lake. Sometimes Hugh rowed, and she and I sat side by side in the stern and steered the little boat. Sometimes the position was reversed, and I pulled while he sat by Jennie's side and held the rudder lines. But it could not go on so always. We knew that she could not make us both happy, though, so far, as we thought it over, she had shown no preference for either, unless, as I sometimes fancied, her eyes rested longer and with different expression on me than on him. Yet it must come to an end, and so one gloriously bright summer day we strolled arm in arm up the mountain side and sat down at the turn of the footpath, from whence we could see the white cottage and the beautiful lake behind it.

It was there she lived, and oh, for long did we gaze lovingly, with full, tremulous hearts, at the dear place. That scene; the lake, its wavelets dancing and sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight, the great mountains which encircled it as with a rampart—nay, rather as a gem is encircled by the metal which protects it—and the cottage, with its clinging ivy and jasmine and scented honeysuckle, the fair roses, which she—fairer even than they—had tended. How it spoke to us that day! Yet it was not of sparkling lake, nor of swelling hills, nor even of the embowered cottage that we thought, but of what we knew was in that cottage—to us the center of the whole scene, the jewel in its casket.

"Jim," at last said my brother, and his voice sounded far away, so faint was it and choked with emotion, "Jim, we cannot always be together. She must choose one of us. Promise me that whichever of us she takes, you or me—and we will take no unfair advantage one over the other—promise me that you will still be friend and brother, and that nothing in the world shall come between us."

I dared not trust myself to speak, but grasped tight the hard, rough hand he held out to me. Then, each with one long look into the other's face, to see perchance the honoring, trustful love mirrored there silently, with a foreboding of a great sorrow, we went down the mountain arm in arm, as we had gone up. And so for the future we never went to see her together, but took our little, simple presents on different days, and never did either return without the other meeting him on the way to see by his face whether it had ended.

But there was nothing unfair, nothing below board. We could always look one another straight in the face, give the honest grip of the hand and walk home together as we had always done. Jennie soon showed that she cared for me most, yet I am sure she shed many tears that she should need to pain him, for I know she was aware that my brother loved her as well and truly as I.

However that be, one bright day, the brightest and most glorious in all that glorious summer, I told her all my thoughts and asked her to be mine—to live with me always. I could not help it. Something within me, of which I had no control, seemed to be speaking from my mouth, as though all my power and will had been taken from me and given to that strange, throbbing soul within.

But, though my heart thrilled with intensest joy when I folded my arms round her, and she lifted up her face in love and trust, and I kissed her, even then I thought of Hugh and felt like a mean coward, a sneaking, underhand supplanter, as though I were taking a cruel advantage over him. So when I went home my joy was tempered with a feeling almost of shame. For the first time in my life I was unwilling to meet him, for the first time unable to look him in the face, and as I saw his figure in the purple distance I felt that I would do anything to avoid the eager scrutiny of his eyes.

It was as I feared, for even as he came toward me with his arm outstretched he saw how it was and stopped, still mechanically holding out his hand to greet me. The while a great sorrow swept over his face, he tried to smile and wish me joy. I took him by the hand and led him into the ash wood where the shadows lay deepest, and with much stammering and hesitation told him all. Never shall I forget the deadly pallor, the look of agony that seemed to have frozen on his handsome sunburned face. I saw the tears fill his eyes and his broad chest heave with his strong, manly emotions and longed to comfort him. At last, in a low, trembling voice, he said, "God bless thee, lad—and Jennie too." And then, with his hands clinched and his head low down, he staggered slowly away. And I sat there feeling that I would rather a thousand times have died than have caused him that cruel pain.

Once only did I see him after that, for when at last I mustered courage to go home they told me how he had gone in and kissed them one by one with tremulous lips, and while they were wondering fearfully why he was so pale had gone out and had not come back. I knew.

Three years passed away—three years of happiness only marred by the memory of that last sad scene. I remembered his agony. Saw, over and over again, his heaving chest. Heard his panting breath and knew that he could not have forgotten Jennie. I knew not then that the truest happiness a man can have comes from the doing of a noble, self sacrificing action, and that, surely, must have been his. We never saw him. Occasionally he wrote to us—never, however, giving any address, and his letters were posted at widely separated places. He was an engine driver, and that was all we knew.

But there was one thing he never omitted in his letters, and that, though we knew it was there before we saw it, always made our eyes fill, "Give my love to Jennie."

We were going to be married early in the spring, and I was looking forward with ardent longing to the consummation of my hopes. Happy times they were, and today was happier than that in the summer, when, the farm work being done, she and I went for a holiday to Chester.

On our journey back a strange, awful thing happened. I was close to Jennie. Her hand was in mine, and we were dreaming of the happy times to come, when suddenly we were aroused by the shrill whistle of the engine, and a few seconds after the carriage began to rock violently from side to side. I cannot say that I was not alarmed, but when Jennie put her arm round me and clung to me for protection, as trustfully as a child to its mother, my courage returned. For I was proud of that implicit trust, so that I forgot my fear in a feeling of sweet responsibility. Almost immediately the train began to slacken down in speed, and at last came to a standstill, and at the same instant we heard a fearful crash. Then all was silent.

I let down the window and looked up the line. Great soft clouds of steam were rolling silently toward us, their under surface glowing a dull red as though dyed with blood. Our train was without engine, and as the steam slowly drifted away and our eyes got accustomed to the gloom we made out about a couple of hundred yards up the line two engines locked together as in a death embrace, while the fragments of the goods train lay scattered around.

We hurried toward the scene of the accident. The heavy goods engine lay on its side, and jammed between it and the rocky bank was the passenger engine. The fire had been shaken out and the dying embers glowed with a dull red light, as they lay spread out on the ground among fragments of wheels and twisted rods. From under the goods engine we dragged one poor fellow with many groans, for his leg was broken, and the escaping steam had scalded him fearfully, and then with half his body crushed hopelessly under a tangled mass of iron and steel we found another with his eyes closed.

Oh, 'twas a horrid sight! It turned me sick, and I tried to prevent Jennie seeing it. But she, eager to be of service, pushed me aside, and gazed at the poor, wounded figure lying there so helplessly and then gave a scream of anguish and clung more closely to me.

"Jim, Jim!" she exclaimed. "Don't you see who it is? It's Hugh!"

And Hugh it was, in his rough engine driver's clothes, with a deadly paleness showing through the soot on his face and great drops of perspiration on his brow. We thought him dead at first, but at Jennie's exclamation he opened his eyes and smiled faintly at us. We were powerless to help him; we could not move that great mass of steel, nor could we draw him away from it, for even as we but touched him with a vague idea of saving him he groaned in agony. And so, though it made us faint with horror, we knelt by his side and watched the tide of life quickly ebbing.

His right hand was crushed under him, but his left was free, and as Jennie tenderly and gently stroked it—all greasy and sooty as it was—his fingers closed over hers and held them. It seemed to give him relief, for a smile, more beautiful than I have ever seen on the face of man, either before or since, lit up his face with a great joy.

"Jim," he panted, and his voice was faint and low, so low that I had to place my ear close to his lips to catch the whispered words, "I cannot last—many minutes—pray God—it may be short. It was—for your—sakes. I saw you—on the train. Kiss me, Jim—kiss me, Jennie—only once—the first—and last—I'm coming home again."

In silence, with eyes brimming over, we kissed the pale lips and, gently wiping the death drops from his forehead, waited for the end. It was not long. We saw the film fast dimming his eyes, the eyelids gently closing. We saw the lines of agony on his face gradually softening, the panting of his heart quieting, and knew that the end was come.

With one sweet smile—in which it seemed to me there was more of heaven than of earth—one last convulsive effort, he placed Jennie's hand in mine and whispered, "Jim, make her happy."

That was all. The poor, bruised body lay still—the spirit had flown. Hugh had "come home" at last.

I know not how long we knelt there reverently, not daring to speak, but with tears streaming down our faces—tears of which I have never been ashamed. But, as I helped Jennie up and was leading her away, still sobbing, some one touched me on the shoulder, and turning round I saw a man whom I recognized instantly as the stoker of our engine. His left arm was hanging loosely and helplessly in a rough sling which some thoughtful passenger had extemporized. He drew his right hand across his eyes, and, looking not at me, but at the dead, said, "You're his brother, sir, aren't you?"

I nodded—I could not speak, for at the moment any words would have choked me.

"Sir," he said, "I know all about you and the young lady. Him"—it did not need anything to tell me that he meant Hugh—"him and me were pals. I went to the shed, sir, just two months after he did, and we've just stuck together like brothers ever since. And, sir, he has told me many a time about you. He was never jealous of you; he always said that you deserved her and would make her happier than ever he could. But I was certain that beneath his kind, quiet manner he must often have been miserable, for I could tell that he never ceased to love her. Do you know, sir, very often when he's fallen asleep off duty I've seen him smile as sweetly as a child and murmur 'Jennie, Jennie.' Don't cry, miss; he's a lot happier now where he is than he ever would have been—

"We've never been on this line before, sir, and shouldn't have been tonight, only just as they were getting the engine ready to bring your train she went off the turnstile somehow or other, and the driver was thrown off and his head hurt. Of course you wouldn't hear of it, sir, there's many a hundred accidents that people never hear of, because a railway man's life isn't of much account, and if one's killed they can easily get another. At any rate, that's why we were told to take the excursion back.

"We didn't like it. It's very awkward, you see, sir, when you are on a strange line, because you don't know exactly when to look for the signals, nor where the curves and inclines come. However, it had to be done, and so we backed down in good time and waited for the signal. Just about two minutes before we were due to start, you went up the platform, and I saw you and the young lady get into one of the carriages. I didn't know how it was, but somehow your faces seemed strangely familiar, and I was wondering who you were, when suddenly he saw you and gave a great start, and the blood rushed into his face. Then he looked at me with such an appealing, miserable look that I felt quite scared.

"'Bill,' he said in a hoarse whisper, 'it's them.' I knew in a minute who you were then, but I didn't like that look. It was just as though he was going mad. However, there wasn't much time to think of it, for just then the signal was given and we were off. We went splendidly and rattled past the station in fine style, until, just as we got on the single line, we saw this goods train slipping along toward us at a fearful rate down the incline and knew that in two minutes at most there'd be a smash. She was a long way off, but, then, you see, a goods train has no brakes, and we hadn't any worth speaking of.

"It's awful, sir, when a thing comes to you like that, just when you are least expecting it. You feel choked like—as though you must do something and don't know what it is. Hugh turned off steam and whistled, while I screwed down the brake until I heard the wheels grinding on the rails, but we both knew that we could never stop in time, or, if we could, the goods train would be smashing into us before we could reverse.

"Suddenly Hugh sprang on the tender, yelling out like mad, 'Bill, she's in, she's in!'

"I didn't know what he meant, but I saw him fling himself over the back of the tender, in front of the carriages, and a few seconds after I heard the clank of iron and knew he had unlinked the couplings. How he did it, sir, I don't know. He must have laid himself over the buffers somehow and leaned over, lifting the heavy links.

"In ten seconds he was back, shouting madly, 'Off with the brake, man; off with the brake.' I began to understand what he wanted to do, and unscrewed the brake, and then, under a full head of steam, the engine left the carriages behind. 'Bill,' he shouted, 'jump off, jump off!' Of course I wouldn't, and said so. He didn't stop to argue, but turned to attend to the lever, pushing it as far open as it would go, still shouting, 'Jump off, jump off!'

"I thought of my little ones at home, sir, and all in a twinkling, like a flash of lightning, I saw them fatherless and my wife weeping bitterly for me and for an instant I thought of jumping off. But it was only for an instant, for even as the thought came something told me my duty was to stop. And there I stopped, and now I'm glad I did.

"'Bill,' he cried, turning to me with a wild light of triumph in his eyes, 'Bill, we shall save the passengers and—Jennie and Jim. Don't you see, lad, how it will be? We shall stop the goods train by throwing it off the line, and the carriages are nearly stopped now—look!' I glanced behind. The train of carriages was 100 yards away and slowing down rapidly. The passengers were saved.

"In silence, save for the panting of the engine, we gripped each other's hand and waited. Oh, that waiting! I felt—nay, heard—my heart thumping like the engine itself. I tried to pray, but my brain was in a whirl. I longed for the tension to cease, for the end to come. Just then the goods train appeared round the curve. They hadn't seen us, for steam was on, but instantly we heard the sharp whistle and knew they were doing their best to stop. I saw Hugh glance quickly from the goods train to the carriages, and his eyes lit up once more with a great, triumphant joy, as he gazed up to the sky. Then, before I could say a word, or lift a finger, he seized hold of me, and crying, 'It's your only chance, lad!' lifted me clean off the engine and swung me on to the bank. I remember falling and hearing a dull crash and a fearful scream, and then all was silent.

"That is all, sir," he continued, turning from me to the crushed figure under the engine. "He gave his life for you."

Then, kneeling down, he took Hugh's cold hand into his own and said:

"God bless thee, Hugh, my best and only friend. Goodby!" and walked slowly away.—Strand Magazine.

INDIAN JOHN'S NERVE

ADVENTURE OF A RAFTMAN WITH A CARGO OF NITROGLYCERIN

The Death Dealing Craft Was Deserted by Its Regular Crew, and Awful Things Might Have Happened but For the Courage and Skill as a Pilot Shown by John.

"John Jeffersy, or Indian John, as he was called, who died near Tionista, Pa., the other day," said C. P. McDermott, a western Pennsylvania lumber operator, "was one of the last of the old time Alleghany river pilots, the men who guided the immense pine rafts from the headwaters to Pittsburg in the days before the big steam mills and the railroads came into the wilderness and made rafting a thing of the past. He was an Indian of the Cornplanter family, and must have been well on toward 100 years old. They tell hundreds of tales of Indian John's exploits as a raftsman, a calling that was attended with constant danger and great hardship. I remember well one act of his that showed the coolness and bravery of the man.

"It was in the days when the lower Pennsylvania oil districts were supplied with nitroglycerin from the isolated factories in the woods of Warren and McKean counties. The explosive wasn't manufactured elsewhere in the region then to any extent. The nitroglycerin was run down the Alleghany in stiletto shaped boats 30 feet long and 4 feet wide. Each boat carried about 10,000 pounds of the stuff, and each boat was manned by two men. They ran swiftly in the current, and the weight of their cargo was so great that in case of a collision between one of these boats and other craft in the river the chances were 10 to 1 that it would be followed by horrible consequences, and everything else on the river gave them a wide berth.

"The men who ran these nitroglycerin boats had strict orders to tie up wherever night overtook them and not to run a minute after dark. These men, as may well be imagined, were absolutely without fear and managed their death bearing craft with a nonchalance and independence that were a source of perpetual terror to the crews of ordinary boats, to raftmen and to the citizens of the towns past which they ran or near which they tied up.

"On one occasion the crew of a nitroglycerin boat were overtaken by darkness at a lonely spot where there was nothing but deep woods on either side. The night was cold, and it is presumed that the men were hungry. The men were Jake Barry and Dick Spooner, better known as Devil Dick, from his recklessness in handling nitroglycerin while hauling it in wagons to the mills or in unloading it. It is known that these were the men, because they had started down the river with a boatload of nitroglycerin, which they never delivered at its destination, and they were not seen in the oil regions again. It is supposed that after being overtaken by darkness they decided to keep on until they got near to Brady's Bend village before they tied up. Of this I am positive, anyhow—it was a dark night. I know this because I was a passenger on one of my rafts, which Indian John was piloting, and we were making for Brady's Bend ourselves for the night. We were nearing the place, and the raft was being gradually pulled ashore, when we heard some one shout out of the darkness not far astern:

"'Look out, there, you fellows! Jump!'

"Then we heard two splashes in the water. We didn't know what it meant. We couldn't see anything behind us, and the men on the raft kept pulling in for shore. Then out of the darkness an object bore down upon us dimly, scraped the hind end of the raft and came gently on down, gliding noiselessly along the side of the raft. Then one of our men yelled:

"'A torpedo boat!'

"For a moment we were all terror stricken, but quickly saw that all danger to us from the boat was past. Everything was plain to us now. The boat had been abandoned by its crew when they discovered us ahead in the darkness and expected the collision that would have rent us to atoms. But Indian John thought quicker and farther ahead than we did. Like a flash he thought it out that if that boat went on down the river with its cargo of destruction it would surely come in contact with something afloat or ashore with consequences horrible to contemplate. He no sooner thought than he acted. The boat had gone on past us, or rather our raft, drifting shoreward, had parted from the boat. It was no longer visible—at least to me. Indian John jumped overboard and likewise disappeared. It could not have been more than ten seconds when the old Indian's voice shouted to us from somewhere out in the river:

"'Me got it him! Me run it him in and tie!'

"And so he did. He guided the nitroglycerin boat through the darkness that was by this time utterly impenetrable, and brought it to shore at a place of safety. When it is known that a slight miscalculation of distance or locality might have brought that deadly craft into forcible collision with a rock on the shore or bottom, and its pilot would have been scattered to the winds, the nerve and skill it required for that old river man to voluntarily take the risk to avert possibly greater loss of life and destruction may be imagined.

"Whether Jake Barry and Devil Dick succeeded in getting ashore or whether they were drowned no one ever knew. If they did get ashore, they didn't show themselves in Brady's Bend. If they had, after the news got around, they might just as well have been drowned or staid on their boat and been blown up, for they never would have seen daylight again."—New York Sun.

AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS.

There Is No More of the Disease Here Than Elsewhere.

The belief in the greater nervousness of the American seems very widespread. The late Dr. Beard of New York was one of the first to describe nervous prostration and to give it its medical name of neurasthenia, so that it has often been spoken of as "the American disease." In his work on "American Nervousness" he treats chiefly of the causes of the nervousness and its symptoms, accepting almost as an axiom the statement that Americans are more nervous than any other race and that there is a vastly greater amount of nervous disease in this country than in Europe. He admits, however, that the severer forms of organic nervous disease, such as locomotor ataxia and apoplexy, are probably less frequent, the increase being in the so called functional conditions, neurasthenia, hysteria and the like. It is probable that the majority of educated people not physicians in this country would admit without a murmur that as a people we are peculiarly subject to nervous disease.

Although, as I have said, the statistics are not conclusive, nevertheless such statistics as we have and the conclusions drawn from various general impressions absolutely contradict this belief. It is only since the war of 1812 that the American has acquired his reputation for restless energy. Before that he was denounced as indolent and sluggish. Up to the period of the civil war he was also denounced as physically degenerate, inferior in bulk, strength and endurance to his English cousin. The civil war put an end to such talk. No armies endured more than ours in the field; no people endured more than those who staid behind waiting and helping.

The record of the first Kentucky brigade in the Confederate army, almost continuously in action or on the march for 100 days in 1864; retreating from their homes, with the hope of success steadily fading away; 1,140 strong at the beginning, suffering 1,860 fatal or hospital wounds, with only 50 left unwounded, yet mustering 240 at the end, with less than 10 desertions—such a record has never been surpassed. These men were of the purest American stock.

At about the same time Dr. Brown-Sequard found that the American mammals survived injuries that were inevitably fatal to the European, and our surgeons found a surprising percentage of recovery from severe gunshot wounds, greater probably than had ever been observed in Europe. Dr. B. A. Gould found that the American soldier was physically as well developed as the European, and Dr. H. P. Bowditch found that the American schoolboy was the equal in measurement of the boys of Eton and Rugby. American life insurance underwriters, too, have found that the longevity in this country is as great as it is in Europe, or greater. The rise of the south since the civil war and the prompt recovery of individual communities, such as Chicago, Boston and Portland, after great conflagrations, are further instances of the great recuperative power of our people.

Since the civil war our physical condition has greatly improved. The greater interest in athletics and better cooking have probably had something to do with this improvement. We have held the America's cup for nearly 50 years. In shooting, cricket, rowing and tennis we have not been inferior in international contests. In track athletics Yale has recently shown her superiority to Cambridge, and the New York athletes have not only surpassed their London rivals, but have established new world's records in more than one event. In the famous ride a few years ago between Berlin and Vienna the picked riders and horses of the Austrian and German armies were used up, yet our cavalrymen and express messengers on the plains, with ordinary mounts, have made better records both for time and distance, without the slightest injury to horses or men.—Dr. Philip C. Knapp in Century.

Mrs. Craigie on Americans.

"Even a stranger could not be long in America," said the authoress, "without noting the deep religious feeling which underlies the national life of the country. It is not aggressive. It is not paraded to the view in any obtrusive way. It has no suggestion of hypocrisy. Simply you have a sincere religious sentiment, a Christian attitude, an absolute integrity, as the basis of the community. This does not exist only among what are called the church going classes, but influences the sections also which perhaps are not religious in the strict sense. It has permeated everywhere and is so strong that I believe those who fall below its principles would hardly be tolerated by public opinion. The fact itself is no doubt attributable in the main to Puritan traditions and the large admixture of Roman Catholics—the Irish, for instance—among the population."

"What is the next American characteristic you would select?"

"Perhaps that of honorable ambition—the desire to succeed on individual worth. Self effort, independence of character, the inborn wish to rise, to be better, to live better—all that is what I mean. Americans are rich and when they have made their money proud of it, but they are very far from being mercenary. That, or the degeneration into selfishness, is no part of the American character, which surely is sympathetic and whole hearted if it is anything. Again, I should mention the patriotism of the American people, for it is intense, a dominating note among all classes.—Interview in the London Chronicle.

The Rider the Sufferer.

Walker—Er, when you run into a man, the rider is as likely to get the worst of it as the pedestrian, isn't he?

Wheeler—You bet he is! The last fellow I ran into only lost a front tooth while I had four spokes broken and a sprocket wrenched all out of true!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A HEART IS BREAKING.

Tears come no more, their fount is dry,
Life cords are strained and aching;
The handmaids faith and hope and cheer
Are gone—a heart is breaking.

The world goes by on the other side,
A new made pathway taking,
Fair weather friends have turned away,
A deserted heart is breaking.

Misfortune holds the helm of fate,
Life's voyage no progress making,
Fair winds fall off, the vessel lags,
Suspense, a heart is breaking.

Alone, with slow and measured tread,
Old walks and ways forsaking,
"Oh, would to God that I were dead"
Tells that a heart is breaking.
—Good Housekeeping.

Charles Robert Leslie, R. A.

My father, Charles Robert Leslie, was certainly one of the most unselfish, gentle and single minded of men, a thorough optimist by nature, from whom all trouble outside of art passed like water off a duck's back, his mind and eye dwelling only on the beauty and happiness of the world about him, with a wonderful power of living in the present and making the best of it. It was thus, I believe, that with a few delicate, rapid touches of his brush he so easily seized upon whatever was refined or lovely in the face of a model, while, like his favorite character, Captain Shandy, he always judged others by the standard of his own gentle nature. Though rather lavish both of time and money upon anything connected with art or his family, he spent little on mere personal matters.

As a boy I slept for many years in his dressing room, and one of my earliest recollections was watching him shave, for which, even in winter, he never indulged in a drop of hot water, and, whether due to this or a dull razor, the operation so often ended in a cut chin that I always felt a sense of relief when it was over. Those were the days of old felt beaver hats, and a decorative tuft of fur, plucked from the first which came to hand, often remained on his face for the day. Later in life he let his beard grow, and, except as a means of obtaining a smoother surface upon some rough, unfinished picture, entirely gave up the use of that old razor. But the idea of thus saving time and trouble never struck him while I was at home, and he continued to gash his chin nearly every other day during the busiest period of his life, just as he once told me he went on drinking his tea too hot until he consulted the great Abernethy and paid him a guinea for his advice to "drink it cooler, sir."—Temple Bar.

Birds of Paradise Without Legs.

The idea sprung from the practice of the natives of those islands where the bird is found, who, having a great demand for the feathers of this beautiful bird, exported the skins, but first took off the legs as being of no use. The feathers were highly valued for their richness and elegance, and also for the invulnerability which they were supposed to confer upon their wearers, the oriental chiefs whose turbans they adorned believing themselves to bear a charmed life in battle. A number of old writers stated that these birds were formed with legs like other birds, but they argued in vain, and Aldrovandus accused Pigafetta of falsehood in asserting that they had legs. As early as 1657 there were birds of paradise in Tradescant's museum, "some with, some without, legs." Linnæus employed the term Apoda, not because he believed the fable, but because, he says, the older naturalists called the birds footless. For further information on this part of the subject see "Penny Cyclopedia," article "Bird of Paradise."

The present demand of these beautiful feathers is for the adornment of the hats and bonnets of modern ladies, and I am sorry to observe that the demand is so great as to threaten the extinction of the bird. During the past season one house alone at Paris is said to have sold 60,000 dozen sprays of mixed bird of paradise and osprey tips. These are chiefly made up of the feathers of young birds, which are cheaper, the plumage of the male bird requiring several years for its development. The mature bird is now scarce in New Guinea owing to the activity of skilled sharpshooters.—Notes and Queries.

A Careless Poet.

Dr. Johnson, a kindly critic, and Richard Savage's companion in many an all night wandering, allows him to have been acquainted with every form of debauchery. Certainly his knowledge of last century London must have been as extensive and peculiar as that of a popular character in later fiction. Walking the streets homeless, sleeping among the ashes of glass houses, or in the straw of ginshop cellars picking up his daily bread, not forgetting the sack, as precariously as did a blind beggar. Oscillating between plenty and penury, from Tyrconnel's mansion to a thieves' den, and, according to report, equally at home in either, dining one day with his patron, the earl, the next with a duke—Duke Humphrey—his clothes rotting on his shoulders, and without premonition of from where the next supply would come, yet with it all, Dr. Johnson puts on record, he presented a marvelous serenity. "His distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him. In his lowest state he wanted not spirit to assert the natural dignity of wit." His Macawberlike spirit probably saved him from suicide. He was always determining to "commence a rigid economy and to live according to the exact rules of frugality, for nothing was more contemptible than a man who, when he knew his income, exceeded it."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Its Use.

In a primary school the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that for?"

After a short pause a young son of the Emerald isle piped out, "Please, ma'am, he bird to roost on."—London Tit-Bits.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHICAGO, MAY 16, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Wife."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Rivals."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"An Officer of the 2d."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Camille."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Monte Carlo Girl."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Dangers of a Great City."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Gaelic Athlete," City—It is no fault of ours if reports of the G. A. A. are not published in full. These columns are open to your organization at all times. All you have to do is to send in your reports and they will be published with pleasure.

"Edward Burke, Kansas City, Mo.—THE CITIZEN is Independent in American politics, national, state and local.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DEATH OF MR. FRANCIS AGNEW.

No death that has occurred in recent times has filled the people of Chicago with greater sorrow than that of handsome, generous Frank Agnew, as he was popularly called, which occurred at his residence, No. 292 Huron street, on the evening of Friday, May 8. The sad news fell upon the hearts of his innumerable friends in this city and elsewhere with a painful intensity, scarcely second to that felt by his afflicted wife and children. Everybody who knew him loved Frank Agnew. He was a man born to be loved. A man of strong opinions, and of an unwavering principle, he had as many sincere well-wishers among his political opponents as among those of the Democratic political persuasion, to which throughout his eventful life in America he steadfastly adhered. He had a profound veneration for the memory of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, whose lives he had carefully studied, and he conscientiously believed that no better Americans than they were ever lived or died. But, although a Democrat in the generic sense of the word, Mr. Agnew was by no means a slave to party, and he earnestly fought corruption and chicanery whenever and wherever it displayed itself. His native sincerity was displayed in his attitude toward certain political elements, for, had he been a pliant politician, he might have held high political office during the greater portion of his career. Mr. Agnew's bent, however, was much more in the direction of business than of politics. He had a mathematical genius that enabled him to secure contracts of the most important character, and no man engaged in the business of rearing great public structures in this country has left a more enviable record than he. He was never daunted by the magnitude of a contract, and difficulties served only to bring out the best and boldest points of his remarkable character. When the violence of the elements swept down the major portion of the famous Manufactures building at the World's Fair—the largest ever put under roof—in the summer of 1892, he set to work cheerfully again, and completed the immense undertaking in full time for the formal opening of the immortal Exposition by the President of the United States. Even those who knew him best, and who were aware of his extraordinary moral courage, were struck with admiration by the splendid ardor which refused to recognize defeat, even by the operation of the elements. The name of Francis Agnew will ever be rightfully associated with the greatest of the buildings that rendered incomparably majestic the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

There was another feature of Mr. Agnew's character that deserves special mention. Although born on British soil, in a historic Scottish town, no man could have a sincerer attachment to the cause of liberty in Ireland. No matter how unpopular, for a time, the faults and follies of some of its votaries might make that cause in America or in Europe, Francis Agnew never wavered in his devotion to it. He was the same patriotic spirit in the hour of gloom following the Phœnix Park tragedy, or the Parnell collapse, as in the day when Gladstone was forced to throw open the prison doors, and the first, and best, Home Rule bill was brought into the English house of commons. He always gave liberally of his means to promote the cause so dear to his manly and faithful heart. His stalwart form and noble countenance will be long and bitterly missed at the gatherings of his kindred in this community.

In Mr. Agnew, the editor of this paper has lost a beloved friend of thirty years' sunshine and storm; and he has never laid upon the grave of any man a tribute more sincerely bestowed. It is impossible, almost in the moment of bereavement, to do entire justice to the memory of one who but yesterday was a part of daily life, and today is gone forever from worldly ken. In fact it is almost impossible to realize that the cheerful, vital, forceful existence of Frank Agnew has been so suddenly and unexpectedly terminated by the grim arrest of the hand of death.

Francis Agnew was born in Dundee, Scotland, December 7, 1837. His parents were both of Irish birth, and his mother's maiden name was Miss O'Connor. He received his early education in his native land, but being from earliest youth of an enterprising nature, he came to the United States when a mere boy. He remained a short time in New York, and, early in the fifties, came to Chicago, where he acquired a practical and thorough knowledge of the trades of masonry and brick-laying. After he had served the requisite time, he commanded sufficient wages to enable him to lay up enough money for the purchase of a home. He married Miss Ellen O'Neill, in 1858. This lady, who was born in Chicago in 1839, survives her husband. Eight children were born of the union, seven of whom are living, namely John P. Agnew, who is now head of the firm of Agnew & Co., founded by his father; Francis, Jr., Michael, Thomas and Edward; Mrs. Charles P. Monahan, of this city, and Mrs. E. J. Darrah, whose husband is corporation counsel of the city of St. Paul, Minn. Three of his brothers also live in this city—John, long connected with the city fire and building inspection departments; Luke, who is engaged in the coal business, and the Rev. P. J. Agnew, one of the most eloquent priests in the archdiocese. Miss Margaret Agnew, a sister, is also a resident of Chicago. One brother still resides in Scotland.

Mr. Agnew became a member of the Chicago Volunteer fire department in 1853, his closest associate being his fellow-townsman, Denis J. Swenie, now, as for many years, the honored Chief fire-marshal of this city. The latter was a pupil of the late Dan O'Hara, when that lamented citizen, in his early days, taught "the young idea" in Dundee. Francis Agnew continued his connection with the fire department for some time after it became a regular force, and entered on the business of contracting and building in 1855. He was very successful from the beginning and soon amassed a handsome competency. Many of the largest buildings erected here before the fire were constructed by him, as well as a large number subsequent to that disastrous event. In the fall of 1874, Mr. Agnew was candidate for sheriff on the People's ticket, in oppositon to Timothy M. Bradley, the Republican standard-bearer. Notwithstanding the latter's strong following, Mr. Agnew defeated him by the, for those days, enormous majority of 13,500 votes. He served in the office of sheriff with credit and ability until his term expired and then returned to his private business, which expanded beyond anything he had attempted before.

The firm of Agnew & Co., consisted of Francis Agnew, ex-Alderman John McGillen and John Agnew, the eldest son. Francis Agnew's was the guiding mind, and his energy knew no bounds. His fame as a builder was by no means confined to the city of his adoption. Under his management were constructed nearly all the fine buildings in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth. Among these may be mentioned the Ryan Hotel at St. Paul, the famous West Hotel at Minneapolis, the postoffices at St. Paul and Minneapolis, the Globe building at St. Paul, several of the great elevators at Duluth and many other great structures. In Chicago he was the leading contractor of the city hall, and was the builder of Hooley's Theater, St. Xavier's Academy and other famous buildings. At the time of his death he was also a leading member of the Bermudez Asphalt Paving Company.

In 1880 Mr. Agnew was elected chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee, and served in that capacity for several years. Two years ago he was induced to stand as a candidate for county commissioner, and, though the Democratic party met with defeat in the general landslide, Mr. Agnew led his ticket by several thousand votes. He was a member of a large number of social and benevolent societies, as his sympathies went out to his fellow-men without reference to creed, race or political opinion.

Mr. Agnew was struck by a southbound Clark street cable car two years ago and sustained injuries which at the time were considered fatal. His rugged constitution, due to an active out-door life, was sufficient to withstand the shock and he recovered, although he never felt quite himself again after the accident, which seemed to have injured his general system. Pains in his head, which he had never previously experienced, became frequent; but neither himself nor his friends apprehended any fatal result. For several months he had been superintending the construction of a large public institution in the southern part of the state, and felt in his usual health, until some three weeks ago, when certain violent symptoms alarmed him and he sought medical counsel. He was advised to go to the springs at West Baden, Ind., and remained there only a few days, as his condition, instead of improving, rapidly grew worse. When he got home he again had recourse to leading physicians, and they pronounced that he was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys. There was also a heart complication. He was down town for the last time on Monday week. Tuesday he became worse and took to his bed, from which he never rose. He passed away, as already stated, on Friday evening of last week, fortified by the sacraments of the Catholic church, and surrounded by all the surviving members of his family residing in America.

"It is not the tear at this moment shed
Where the cold turf has been just laid o'er him,
That tells how beloved was the friend that's fled.
And how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded,
'Tis the one remembrance fondly kept
When all lighter griefs have faded."

MR. JOHN P. SUTTON.

Mr. John P. Sutton writes us from New York that he ceased to be secretary of the Irish National Alliance on the 18th of last month, having sent his resignation to President Lyman, which was accepted. THE CITIZEN regrets that Mr. Sutton has severed his connection with the Alliance in an official capacity for, assuredly, no man could bring to the office he held more zeal, energy and conspicuous ability. This gifted gentleman has also resigned the editorship of the Irish Republic, of New York, and has been succeeded by Mr. O'Connor McLaughlin, another accomplished journalist and distinguished Irish nationalist. We understand that Mr. Sutton contemplates settling in one of the large cities of the west. Wherever he may elect to settle, he will be heartily welcomed by his countrymen and fellow citizens.

DEPOPULATION OF IRELAND.

If anybody doubts that the British system of government is fast destroying all that remains of Ireland, he has only to read some of the so-called provincial newspapers of that country to be cured of his skepticism. The more we study the Irish question, the more are we conscientiously convinced that there is no hope, for Ireland so long as her connection with England continues, and that can be broken only by force, which Ireland has not at her disposal at present, but which she should bend all her energies to muster, for the preservation of the very small portion of national life she still retains. To begin with, she should recall all her representatives, or misrepresentatives, from England and command them to unite or resign. At present, they only serve the purpose of advertising Irish factiouspess in London. We do not believe that the parliamentary party, even if united under a single leader, could accomplish much good, but, at least, it would cease to present a disgraceful spectacle to the eyes of friends and foes alike. The ambitions and jealousies of Messrs. Dillon, Healy, Redmond and others are very small considerations when contrasted with the cause of Irish liberty and social advancement, and if these gentlemen stand in the way of union, they ought to imitate the good sense of their former colleague, Mr. Thomas Sexton, and retire from the public view until they learn to subordinate self to country. They certainly are not adding to their reputation for patriotism and ability by maintaining their present attitude. They see their country bleeding to death and still they insist on keeping her wounds open by their eternal and unseemly quarrels.

The Mayo News, of the 2nd inst., dealing with the condition of the people in that unfortunate county, says:

"Those who have had occasion to visit our railway stations during the past few weeks have witnessed the old, too familiar scenes. The young men and women, the bone and sinew of the country, continue to fly to foreign lands to seek the means of living denied them at home. And all this while we see around us sufficient good land upon which treble our population could live and thrive, in happiness themselves and a source of wealth to our towns and to the nation at large. For years the representatives of the people have pointed out to successive governments the only way in which this hemorrhage could be stopped, but with little effect. Experiments have been tried and with only partial success, but no effort is made by the powers that be to turn those experiments to general advantage. The exodus continues. The British Government is still afraid to grapple with the huge evil of landlordism which unquestionably is responsible for the depopulation of the country and the consequent ruin of its industries. The following appalling figures which we take from the last census returns speak for themselves. They relate to a particular district, but the sad story they reveal applies equally to the surrounding parishes. The official figures are:—

KILMEENA PARISH.

Year.	Houses.	Population.
1841	1,398	7,876
1851	929	5,108
1861	648	3,642
1871	550	2,894
1881	494	2,742
1891	448	2,525

KILMACLASSER PARISH.

1841	630	3,548
1851	315	1,614
1861	257	1,274
1871	247	1,261
1881	245	1,312
1891	220	1,192

The townland of Cultrain (in the latter parish), which has attracted some attention lately, and which contains 227 acres, had in 1841 twenty-eight homesteads occupied by 158 people. To-day the same townland has but one house, occupied by a herd and his dog. The land which in 1841 maintained 158 human beings now feeds so many bullocks and sheep. Land Bills may be proposed and passed conferring benefits upon sections of the tenants, those perhaps in least need of help, but no measure can be regarded final that leaves the country in its present depopulated state and that does not put an end for ever to the system by which human beings have to leave their homes to make room for flocks and herds."

The Mayo News is very much mistaken if it believes for a moment that "the British government is still afraid to grapple with the huge evil of landlordism." It is not fear that is the matter with it. Landlordism, in its existing form, serves its primary, secondary and tertiary purpose—to get rid forever of the Irish question by exterminating the Irish people. Of course, if the Irish people tamely allow themselves to be exterminated, while they have brains and courage still remaining, the outside world will chime in with England's "serve 'em right." Cubans would not stand for a week what the Irish have stood for ages. Neither would Zulus nor Hottentots. Little Transvaal, with a miniature population, has twice successfully repelled British aggression, which, even in Africa, is not as savage as in Ireland. We really wonder what has come over the Irish people of late years. They fade away and make no sign.

REASON AND RODENTS.

We are glad to observe that a few, at least, of the more practical leaders of the Irish people have been taking to heart THE CITIZEN'S advice in regard to keeping the natives of Ireland on their native soil. We find the following in last week's telegrams from New York City:

"John H. Parnell, M.P., brother of the late Charlest Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, sailed for England Saturday on the Umbria, after an extended tour of this country, in which he made arrangements for obtaining valuable assistance in the establishing of productive industries in Ireland. In an interview before sailing Mr. Parnell said that his visit to this country was the beginning of a systematic effort to check Irish emigration, and thus realize the aphorism of his brother, that 'the young men of Ireland hold in their hands Ireland's future.' To keep these young men at home, Mr. Parnell realizes that a development of the country's industrial resources is necessary. With this end in view woolen mills have been established, the product of which will be largely sold in this country. An extensive industry has been established in the manufacture of cane and umbrella handles from the wood of the Irish furze, and on his return he will endeavor to begin the propagation of flower bulbs and seeds for the American market.

"The Irish party in parliament will also devote its attention to securing economic legislation. Particular attention will be paid to the development of the fisheries on the western coast and the introduction of better breeds of cattle. 'The need of Ireland,' Mr. Parnell said, 'is a united Irish party, but events are fast working in that direction. We who are true to the policy of my brother, absolute independence, are now the largest faction. Politicians have split and we have the Irish. The other side, who knuckled to the English people, we leave behind us. Soon we will have an aggressive Irish party at Westminster and then there will once more be a chance of gaining Ireland's freedom."

Mr. Parnell is entirely right in regard to the development of Irish industries which may keep the young men and women of Ireland at home, but when he speaks hopefully of anything good coming through "constitutional" effort either in or out of the English parliament, we are compelled to exclaim, "Rodents! Mr. Parnell, Rodents!"

HENRY LABOUCHERE, in the London Truth, is having a picnic with Cecil Rhodes & Co. He alludes humorously to the "cryptograms" sent to Johannesburg, and then proceeds thus: "These telegrams are damning alike to the Chartered company and Mr. Rhodes. It is clear that the raid was planned by Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit and the Chartered South Africa Company. The telegram from Hammond to Rhodes, saying: 'Cannot arrange respective interests without Beit,' shows that the aim was purely for a stock exchange deal. These miscreants, therefore, planning a raid which must have led to the death of many, and which was based on robbery, were actually already disputing in regard to their respective shares of the plunder." The article then proceeds to attack severely Cecil Rhodes, comparing him to Jabez Balfour, "the first statesman to apply to imperial politics the methods of the shady company-promoter."

JOHN MULE CLARK'S shin did not turn into a pig's elbow after all. Lucky John Mule.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that livery stables are not eligible to exist in residence localities. This is all right in itself. We know of some localities in Chicago filthy enough to bar out hogs, not to mention horses. We wish the Supreme Court had it within its power to punish rapacious landlords who allow tenement buildings to become dens of moral and physical corruption.

EX-CONGRESSMAN JOHN C. TARSNEY, of Missouri, has been nominated for the position of associate justice of the supreme court, Oklahoma Territory. THE CITIZEN has no doubt of Mr. Tarsney's confirmation, and congratulates him on his good fortune.

W. J. COCHRAN, of Sullivan County, was elected Department commander by the State encampment of the G. A. R. of of Illinois, held at Cairo this week.

BALLARD SMITH, telegraping from London to the New York World, recently, says that, notwithstanding his public disgrace, England, as a majority, is inclined to uphold Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Smith, after reviewing some of the discreditable proceedings of Rhodes and others before the former's recent visit to England, says: "I hear also that President Kruger has in his possession altogether fifty-four incriminating telegrams of which he has so far published only about a dozen. Many of those still unpublished are understood to be innocuous, but of the others several will provide very striking revelations. The critical character of the situation as between Great Britain and the Transvaal before President Kruger's masterly use of the captured cipher dispatches may be gauged from advice recently given by Sir Hercules Robinson to the imperial government, which had invited an opinion from him on the policy to be adopted. He replied that there were two courses open to the imperial government—either to sit still and await Kruger's action toward the Uitlanders or to take immediate warlike measures. He favored the former policy because it would take 50,000 men to conquer the Transvaal, to say nothing of the consequent troubles and complications it would entail."

GEN. JOHN A. MCCLERNAND, now in his 84th year, attended the state encampment of the G. A. R. and seemed to enjoy the proceedings quite as much as any of the other "boys in blue."

IT seems to one "up a tree" that the Democratic party, locally and nationally, is in a sufficiently helpless condition at present without dividing into two columns—the hard heads and the soft heads.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MULVIHILL, No. 5729 Kimbark avenue, Hyde Park, have been dreadfully afflicted in the tragical and mysterious death of their son, Thomas, who was found dead in Dexter Park pond, near the Union stock yards. The boy was only 19 years of age, and his death was a peculiarly sad one, as his elder brother died of a bronchial affection about two months previous to the last unfortunate event. Three daughters remain. The bereaved family have the sympathy of their friends and neighbors in their terrible affliction.

WHAT England has been dreading for some time, seems about to come to pass in the near future—the political union of the South African Republic and Free Orange State. President Kruger, in his address to the Transvaal parliament on Monday week said: "It has been ever my wish to promote the development and prosperity of the republic in the most peaceable manner possible, so I am convinced firmly that it is your sincere wish to co-operate with me in this policy, and that you expect with the fullest confidence that this session of the Volksraad will contribute in no small manner to the restoration of peace in this state, in order that, through our united co-operation, our country may flourish and prosper for the benefit of all." The President then touched on the foreign relations of the South African Republic, the most delicate and eagerly anticipated portion of the speech, saying: "In spite of past troubles the republic continues to maintain friendly relations with foreign powers." This subject was there significantly dropped and the president turned to the relations between the South African Republic and its sister republic, the Orange Free State, remarking: "I hope that a meeting between representatives of the Orange Free State and representatives of the South African Republic will shortly be held and plans for a closer union between the two countries will be discussed."

THE Russian government has accepted 600 tons of armour from the American Carnegies for its battleships.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the American engineer who was so foolish as to associate himself with the English adventurers in South Africa; Col. Francis Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes; Lionel Phillips and George Farrar, recently sentenced to be hanged for high treason in the Transvaal, and whose sentences were commuted by President Kruger, were re-sentenced on Wednesday to five years imprisonment. All the other offenders, sixty-five in number, have been given one year's imprisonment each.

A monument has just been erected on Joseph Medill's lot in Graceland Cemetery in memory of Mrs. Medill and Miss Josephine Medill. It is made of granite, consists of three bases and was designed and furnished by Joseph Pajeau, of Chicago. The weight above the foundations is sixty-five tons.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, New York police commissioner, has his blood up. The ozone of the Western plains exhilarated his blood Tuesday week, when he ran foul of Comptroller Fitch, whom he accused of delaying the payment of money to the detectives employed in fastening guilt on disorderly houses. A New York telegram says. "Comptroller Fitch turned white with rage. 'That's you every time, that's your style,' he retorted. 'You're a fighter, anyway.'

"'Well, you're not a fighter. You'd run away,'" retorted Roosevelt, his face distorted with passion and his teeth snapping viciously.

"Mr. Fitch wheeled about in his chair, tried to appear calm, but he was white as he said: 'Well, what shall it be? Pistols?'

"His tone was bantering, and seemed to irritate Roosevelt beyond endurance.

"'Yes, pistols, if you choose,' he shouted, 'pistols or anything else you want.'

"'I guess you would shoot a man if necessary,' was Mr. Fitch's reply.

"'Of course, I would use a pistol in self-defense,' Mr. Roosevelt foamed. The words 'cowards,' 'dirty work,' and insinuations of political misdoings were freely passed, and the end only came when Mr. Roosevelt announced himself open to a challenge to a duel with any weapon from a pistol to a machete."

MRS. CATHERINE GIBBONS, mother of Captain Frank J. Gibbons, Mrs. Patrick O'Malley, and Miss Nellie Gibbons, died at her residence, No. 259 Sheffield avenue, on the 13th inst. The funeral occurred Friday at 10 o'clock, from the Gibbons residence to St. Vincent Church, where solemn requiem mass was celebrated, thence by carriages to Calvary.

PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY seems to have discovered a method by which passenger crafts can navigate through the air, with steam as the motive power. All his experiments up to date have been successful. Prof. Langley is secretary of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D.C.

THE State convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Illinois, declared THE CITIZEN to be their official organ last Monday afternoon.

ROUTED.

At the school election in Denver last Monday, the whole outfit of Canadian Orangemen, pro-British sympathizers, anti-American zealots and kindred organizations which have made the word "patriotic" a stench in the nostrils of respectable citizens, made a final effort to capture the public school system. It was the most exciting school election in the history of Denver. For months preceding the election these dark-lantern brigands held secret meetings in all parts of the city. They were well organized and went into Monday's school fight with every confidence to win. But it is to be recorded, to the great credit of the decent people of Denver, that these bigots met an overwhelming defeat, being defeated by over two to one.

In no city in the Union has the modern Knownothing craze made attempts stronger and more determined than those made in Denver to capture our municipal, county and state governments. It is true that they have been at times partially successful, but so small has been their success it is hardly worthy to be dignified by the name. Year after year they have made determined efforts to obtain control of the public school system for the purpose of removing all the Catholic teachers who were employed therein. These un-American creatures of foreign excresence, dupes of ignorance, of bigotry and fanaticism in foreign lands, should learn if they can learn anything, that the soil of Denver is not fruitful for their obnoxious growth.—Colorado Catholic, May 9.

Pure Blood is the safeguard of health. Keep your blood pure, rich and full of vitality by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will not need to fear the attacks of disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness. 25c.

MR. AGNEW'S OBSEQUIES.

Immense Attendance at the Funeral of the Much Lamented Citizen So Unexpectedly Summoned to the Better Life.

High Mass of Requiem at the Cathedral of the Holy Name—Obituary Sermon by the Rev. Chancellor Mooney.

The funeral services of the late Francis Agnew occurred on Monday morning, from the family residence, No. 292 Huron street, to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, which was filled to its fullest capacity by those who came to do honor to the memory of the lamented dead, and to offer up prayers for his eternal happiness. Notwithstanding the notice given that friends should omit sending of flowers, many beautiful tributes decorated the mortuary room, and graced the casket that held the beloved remains. The honorary pallbearers were Hon. W. H. Barnum, Alexander Sullivan, Denis J. Swenie, John F. Finerty, John McGillen, Austin J. Doyle, James J. Egan, W. C. McClure, Louis Haas.

MR. FRANCIS AGNEW.

The active pallbearers were T. P. Hallihan, Thomas E. Barrett, James Boyle, Joseph Conlan, J. E. Doyle, Harry Gibbons, J. B. Langan, T. F. Moore.

Among the more prominent citizens in attendance were noticed ex-Mayor D. C. Cregier, ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne, ex-Mayor John P. Hopkins, Mayor Swift, Henry L. Herz, Coroner James McHale, Col. P. J. Hennessy, P. M. Hennessy, of St. Paul, Minn.; Richard J. Hennessy, Thomas Hennessy, Thomas Cox, B. A. Cox, St. Paul, Minn.; Philip Conley, Patrick O'Brien, William Fogarty, Michael McHale, Redmond Prindiville, John Prindiville, John K. Prindiville, Capt. Thomas Brenan, P. McHugh, M. W. Kerwin, James Lane, John J. Healy, M. A. Devine, William Devine, Daniel J. Gallery, Capt. James E. Bourke, John B. Lynch, John J. Mahony, M. H. Madden, George Fox, ex-Supt. of Police Brennan, Thomas A. Dillon, John Cudahy, Thomas Dennehy, Thomas Shea, Jr., Milwaukee; W. H. Bulger, Hugh McGuire, John Dowling, F. D. Kinsella, Charles McGrath, Daniel Murphy, James E. Moore, Richard D. Walsh, Nicholas J. Neary, Nicholas D. Laughlin, M. J. Keane, Thomas Cusack, H. F. Donovan, Capt. L. R. Buckley, A. J. Ford, Lieut. Gibbons, Charles Cavanagh, Capt. Martin Hayes, M. J. Kelly, Martin Mulcahy, Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, John E. Long, James T. Clarke, M. H. Hogan, Theodore Kearney, William Weadley, John M. Carroll, Thomas J. Lawler, Thomas Murphy, Hon. W. K. Sullivan, W. J. Gleeson, W. F. Mahoney, Thos. Gallagher, John Coughlin, Michael Sweeney, Lawrence Markey, Capt. W. Buckley, A. S. Trude, John C. Schubert, James Maher, D. O'Connor, P. F. Ryan, John McGovern, William Gavin, W. H. Joyce, Capt. P. McGrath, Col. Marcus Kavanaugh, M. E. Lynch, Luke Coyne, Francis Coyne, James Lyman, Hon. W. H. Lyman, James B. Sullivan, D. F. Sullivan, Capt. B. Quirk, James McGuire and hundreds of others.

At the Cathedral, high mass of requiem was offered up, the celebrant being Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, with the Rev. Fathers Finn and Barry as deacon and sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father Scanlan as master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were observed the Rev. Fathers Dowling, V. G.; Hodnett, Dorney, Thomas Burke, Dominick Egan, Kerns, P. J. Muldoon, Hynes, B. P. Murray, Dore, Perry, of Ravenswood, P. D. Gill, P. J. Agnew, McLaughlin, McShane, Smyth, Wolfe, Hayes, Henneberry, McDonald, Gillan and many more.

The obituary sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Mooney, Chancellor, who paid eloquent tribute to the manly and benevolent character of the deceased, and dwelt upon the necessity of being prepared for the inevitable end of man's mortal existence. The great essential of life was to be ready to die in peace with God, for what doth it profit any man to gain the whole world and lose his immortal soul? The uncertainty of life was so great that it was absolutely necessary for salvation to be in a constant state of grace. But a week before, the subject of the sermon walked abroad among his fellow-men. Today his mortal career ended forever, and those who loved him would gaze upon his face no more until the trumpet of the final resurrection sounded—but the spirit, the immortal part, would live forever. Those present could best show their love for him whom they so sincerely mourned by offering up prayers to the Throne of Grace for the eternal repose of his soul.

The services for the dead were chanted by the Rev. Father Agnew, brother of the deceased gentleman, and, at their conclusion, the remains were re-borne to the hearse. The long line of carriages followed to Calvary cemetery, where final services were held over the grave, in which the relics were laid, by the Rev. Fathers Hodnett and Egan, assisted by several other clergymen, and by the great concourse of mourners.

OBITUARY.

MR. S. B. FOSTER.

Mr. Samuel B. Foster, the Chicago solicitor for the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railroad, died of typhoid fever Monday afternoon of last week at Pass Christian, Miss., after a short illness. He was stricken with fever while journeying down the Mississippi by steamer with his wife, and was not deemed in danger until a few days before his death. Dr. Reynolds, of Chicago, the family physician, was called to Pass Christian, but his efforts were unavailing. Samuel Baxter Foster, son of Judge S. W. Foster, was born on Dec. 5, 1861, in Knowlton, Province of Quebec, Canada. He received a common school education, and at the age of 19 entered the law department of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, where he was graduated in 1883. He came immediately to Chicago, where he opened an office. In the fall of 1885 he married Miss Minnie N. Norton, daughter of Nathaniel Norton, one of Chicago's earliest settlers. His widow and two children survive him.

MR. JAMES FARRELL.

Mr. James Farrell died at his residence, No. 4 Edgemont avenue, on the 12th ult., of inflammation of the lungs, resulting from a severe cold. He was confined to his bed for three weeks. On the 14th services were held at Holy Family church, where requiem high mass was celebrated, after which the funeral, which was large and attended by many prominent citizens, proceeded by carriages to Calvary cemetery, where interment took place in the family lot. The pallbearers were Messrs. James Curtin, M. D. Kissane, Frank O'Keefe, Redmond Mullen, John P. Harding and John Golden. Mr. Farrell leaves a wife and baby girl. He was a member of St. Ignatius Court, C. O. F. The deceased was born in the town of Cashel, county Tipperary, thirty years ago. He was a resident of Chicago for over ten years, during which time he took a prominent part in Irish affairs. His many friends in Chicago and elsewhere will regret to learn of his death. His gentle disposition made him a favorite among those with whom he associated. May his soul rest in peace.

GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls:
Girls that are mothers' right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom flattery will never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls,
There's a constant and steady demand.

—*Ex.*

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY.

If you've got a touch of gout,
If your liver's large and bad,
If your spirit has gone out,
If the toothache drives you mad,
If you feel a little low,
If you want to do a mike,
If you're only just so-so—
Get a bike.

If you're growing far to fat,
If you're lanky, long, and lean,
If your head goes pit-a-pat,
If your skin is turning green,
If your muscle's soft and weak,
If you're quite unfit to strike,
If you want to grow your cheek—
Get a bike.

If you'd have the greatest cure
Of this enterprising age,
If you want to be quite sure
That you'll turn another page,
If you want to breathe the breath
Of the sort of life you like,
If you're courting sudden death—
Get a bike.

—*London Sunday Chronicle.*

CHARLES M'DONALD.

How the Well-Known Newsdealer Acquired Success in Life.

Owing to the tearing down of the building near the northwest corner of Washington and State streets, where the firm had done business since 1884, Charles McDonald & Co., head of the news, periodical and current literature interest in Chicago, have removed to more commodious quarters at 69 Washington street, near the northeast corner of Dearborn street. The principal of the firm, Charles McDonald, is one of the best known business men in America, and counts personal friends by the hundred and thousand in every city and state of the union. Nowhere is he more popular than at home, which is the best test of his merit, and the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens of Chicago. His parents were natives of Scotland, and he was born in this city in 1859. His business career began in April, 1873, and he has advanced by sheer pluck and perseverance, step by step, until he has attained his present prominent and enviable position. His place of business has long been the headquarters of the literati of Chicago, nearly all of whom are not alone his steady customers, but also his cordial friends. It has been well said of Charley McDonald, as he is familiarly termed, that he possesses the very rare gift of converting transient customers into life-long constituents. If he carried the same magnetic force into politics that he does into business, Charley might astonish some of the local artists of both political parties. His grip is as stalwart as that of John Hopkins, and he has that seraphic smile which steals over the classic features of Martin Madden after he has carried his point in a convention. In concluding an excellent sketch of Mr. McDonald's career, a distinguished literary man wrote thus:

"Of course his immense success in a commercial way, the firm progressive steps by which in the course of a comparatively short number of years he has gained his present position as virtual head of a great and important branch of Western trade, imply business intellect and faculty of a very high order. Personal magnetism and strong traits of character win admiration, but it takes a good head and a master faculty to win the battles in commerce, and in this respect, in point of keen business discernment, the rating given to him by the Chicago business community is not second to that of any man who has yet been associated with the business interests of news and literature. His familiarity with new and current books and the readiness with which he reads up on all the new books published is a continual matter of wonder to his friends."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Archbishop Ryan's Wit.

The stories that are told of Archbishop Ryan's wit are public property, and would fill a small volume. Like all other wits, he has suffered from the habit of crediting some people with witticisms which other people invented. He did refer to Archbishop Ireland as the consecrated blizzard, but he did not call the suffragan bishops of St. Paul the Young Irelanders. The apocryphal stories are numerous. A well-known and esteemed priest called upon him one day to ask for a vacation, on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the prelate could not let slip the opportunity. He granted the leave of absence promptly, with a recommendation. "The physicians say that you need a change of air, Father?" "They do, your Grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or two, as a change?" He remonstrated once with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. "I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "And evidently fell on the hat," said the archbishop. His wit has no sting in it, for it springs from a genial and kindly nature.

The newspapers told at one time his reply to the reporter who wished to know where he stood in a supposed difference between Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan. "As Archbishop of Philadelphia, naturally I stand midway between New York and Baltimore," was his reply.

Fortune has been kind to him, and he shares her favors with mankind. He is now on the way to seventy, which he will reach at the close of this century. His auburn hair shows very little gray, his figure is as erect, though not so flexible, his voice as rich and sonorous, as in the early days.—Rev. John Talbot Smith, in Donahoe's.

WHO WAS "J.U.U.?"

(From the Kilkenny Journal.)

The Dublin Penny Journal of 1833 contains many poetical effusions over three letters. Were they assumed as a pen-name, or were they in fact initials, the bearer of which, through literary modesty, "did not not wish his name to be mentioned," like the poet "On Gerald Griffin and John Bannin" in the present month's number of the New Ireland Review who so feelingly associates Fleet-street with—

The worlds by Nore and Shannon's tide,
All kindly, wistful, gloomy, proud—
Old Tears, young Laughter, side by side,
Floats 'mid the Fleet-street crowd.

Some readers of the Kilkenny Journal might be able to give not only the name in full, but a memoir of the gifted contributor, many of whose outpourings are of a high standard. To the writer, however, the identity of the poet is as unknown as that of the author of the 'Anima Christi' in connection with which the late Father Joseph Farrell says such beautiful things, and to which he has given such exquisite English rendering. The following, among numerous others of equal and perhaps far superior merit, for they have been taken at random, may be found worthy of the poet's corner, which the Journal hospitably tries to spare for literary aspiration.

AVON REE.

O'CONNELLAN'S HARP.

Harp so loved, in days of old,
Unhonored now,
The hand that swept thy strings is cold,
And tuneless thou,

Tho' oft when other sounds are still
In evening grey,
The peasant carols on the hill
Thy plaintive lay;

But never more those chords of thine
Shall vibrate there;
No more with silvery splendour shine
Through evening air;

Nor maiden watch the minstrel pace
His honored path,
Who looks for him, alas! must trace
The tomb-crowned rath.

By Lough Gur's waters, lone and low
The minstrel's aid,
Where mouldering cloisters dimly throw
Sepulchral shade:

Where clustering darkly weeps
Upon his bed,
To blot the legend where he sleeps—
The tuneful dead!

And fallen are the towers of time
In dust, and lone,
Where the ringing of his fairy chime
So well was known.

Where song was sweet and mirth was high,
And beauty smiled
Through roofless halls the night winds sigh,
The owl shrieks wild!

The towers are fallen—and where are they
Who met of yore
To listen to the minstrel's lay,
Or kindly lore!

The castle lifts its broken pile
In silent air,
And answers with a gloomy smile,
That such things were,

Still cherished lives to distant years
The minstrel's name,
An honored relic still appears,
The Clairseach's frame.

Tho' in the shroud of ruin it lies
By time unstrung,
Its soul of music may not die—
The strains it sung.

J.U.U.

ECHO.

Voice of yon rocky shade,
Plaintive and lonely,
Art thou a forest maid,
Or a voice only?
Still for thy cruel love—
Youth unrelenting—
Nimph over hill and grove,
Art thou lamenting?

Hark! over copse and dale
Bugles are ringing;
Echo! no weeping wail
Back thou art flinging.
Now from yon hollow dell
Rude mirth awaketh,
Swift from thy craggy cell
Soft laughter breaketh.

Thou, to the lover's ear
Pensively sighest,
Thou to the hunter's cheer
Blithely repliest.
Song from the woodland hill,
Pipe from the mountain,
If hill and grove be still,
Drop from the fountain.

Mate of my boyish days,
Known in the wildwood,
Still are thy well-known lays,
Lays of my childhood.
Then in thy secret cell,
Oft' have I woo'd thee,
Often with tuneful spell,
Lover-like sued thee.

Oft' watched thy breezy foot
O'er the dew, sweeping
Home to thy fairy lute,
In the cliff sleeping.
Oft' in the haunted air,
Sought thine eyes greeting
Still, but thy voice was there
Softly retreating.

Still, thou soft vocal power,
Formless and airy,
Voice of the forest flower,
Voice of the fairy.
Whether wild tree or wave,
Or cliff enthral thee,
Voice, from thy secret cave,
Echo! I call thee.

J.U.U.
Yours truly X.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Thomas Francis Burke Council.

There will be an open meeting held by General Thomas Francis Burke Council No. 32, Irish National Alliance, on Sunday, May 17, at 3 p. m., in Forester's Hall, southeast corner of State and Thirty-first streets. All in sympathy with the Cause of Ireland are invited.

M. P. GERRITY, Secretary.

Robert Emmet Council.

Robert Emmet Council, of the Irish National Alliance, will hold its next meeting on Sunday, May 17, at 2 p. m., in Columbia hall, Halsted and Thirty-seventh streets. All Irishmen and Irish-Americans who believe in Ireland's right to independence are invited to attend and join the council. Good speakers will be present. Ladies specially invited to attend.

P. F. HOLDEN, Sec.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Company C., Hibernian Knights.

At a meeting of Div. 36, A.O.H. held on the 8th inst., at Bartley's hall, Fifty-fifth street and Jefferson avenue, President John T. Keating gave permission to organize a military company which will be known as Company C., Hibernian Knights. Brother Curry, speaking in favor of organizing the company, said that he would endeavour to build up a company, and that by the assistance of the other members of Div. 36 he would, before long, have the crack company of the Knights. He recruited twenty-three men from Div. 36, and is going to commence drilling them immediately. Members of any other division wishing to join Company C., can give their names to Brother F. G. Curry, 1553 Michigan avenue.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p. m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

First National Bank

OF CHICAGO.

Statement of condition at close of business May 7, 1896.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$17,470,622.93
Bank building and other real estate		500,000.00
United States bonds (par value)		294,900.00
Other bonds		1,422,988.90
Premium spaid		9,652.01
Cash resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern exchange)	$3,162,233.52	
Checks for clearing house	938,592.34	
Cash on hand	8,409,172.90	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	36,250.00	
		12,546,548.76
		$32,244,412.60

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	216,443.02
Deposits	27,027,969.58
	$32,244,412.60

OFFICERS.

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

S. M. NICKERSON, L. J. GAGE,
F. D. GRAY, S. W. ALLERTON,
R. C. NICKERSON, NELSON MORRIS,
E. F. LAWRENCE, EUGENE S. PIKE,
NORMAN B. REAM, A. A. CARPENTER,
JAMES B. FORGAN.

CRANE & KOTAL, ATTORNEYS, ROOM 418 U. S. EXPRESS BUILDING.

ESTATE OF BERNARD GRANT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bernard Grant, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1896, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 24 1896.

GILBERT C. PRYOR, Administrator.
Crane & Kotal, Attorneys.

AN EXAMPLE

Of what a very little money will do when you buy your groceries at the right place. We have made up an assortment of goods showing what can be done in economical purchasing. We will not break the assortment or sell you one single item at the price quoted, but will give you the whole lot for Five Dollars, cash with order.

WHAT FIVE DOLLARS WILL BUY.

10 lbs Granulated Sugar for	10 cts
1 3-lb can Table Peaches for	2 cts
1 3-lb can Table Apricots for	1 ct
1 2-lb can Blackberries for	1 ct
2 lb Fancy Uncolored Japan Tea, the 2 lbs for	88 cts
2 lbs After Dinner Java Coffee for	50 cts
1 package Pyle's Pearline for	1 ct
1 lb Pure Ground Black Pepper for	25 cts
1 bottle Eagle's Extra Catsup for	10 cts
½ lb Pure Ground Allspice for	15 cts
7 lbs Hand-Picked Navy Beans for	10 cts
1 set Knives and Forks, 6 each, for	40 cts
½ lb Ground Mustard for	20 cts
5 lbs Yellow Cornmeal for	1 ct
1 bottle Prepared French Mustard	8 cts
1 large bottle Eagle's Best Lemon Extract for	20 cts
1 large bottle Eagle's Best Vanilla Extract for	20 cts
1 package selected Mixed Bird Seed for	6 cts
½ lb Pure Ground Cinnamon for	15 cts
½ lb Pure Ground Cloves for	15 cts
1 cake Sweet Chocolate for	5 cts
10 bars P. & G. Lenox Soap	10 cts
3 lbs Fresh Ginger Snaps for	3 cts
2 lbs California Loose Muscatel Raisins for	2 cts
1 cake Enoch Morgan's Sapolio	3 cts
A Good Rice Root Scrub Brush	3 cts
1 pail Fancy Table Syrup for	89 cts
5 lbs Dried California Pears for	5 cts
5 lbs Dried California Peaches for	5 cts
1,200 Carpet Tacks for	5 cts
5 lbs Carolina Rice for	5 cts
A Dime Can Dr. Price's Baking Powder for	1 ct
5 lbs Good Laundry Starch for	1 ct
5 lbs California Prunes for	5 cts

Total price for above goods...$5.00

It is our constant aim to give our patrons more Groceries for their money than they can get anywhere else. We want your trade. Give us a trial. We guarantee all of our goods.

BINDER TWINE—Do you use it? If you do, write us for prices.

H. R. Eagle & Co.,

70 Wabash Avenue.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK,

At the close of Business, May 7, 1896.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts		$4,089,407.23
Overdrafts		9,838.88
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		547,331.17
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$2,418,318.90	
Due from banks	1,120,043.34	
Checks for Clearings	309,770.25	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	26,750.00	
		3,874,882.89
Total		$8,521,560.69

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	97,501.09
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$5,828,334.12
Due banks	1,550,734.74
	7,379,068.86
Total	$8,521,560.69

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, JOHN M. SMYTH,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, May 7, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 9,601,059.53
Overdrafts		27,822.41
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
Other bonds		262,950.00
Real estate		97,487.30
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
CASH ASSETS—		
Cash	$2,826,017.54	
Due from banks and bankers	2,263,048.09	
Exchanges for clearing-house	523,298.07	
Due from U.S. Treasurer	1,600.00	
		5,613,963.70
Total		$15,635,532.94

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund	1,000,000.00
Undivided profits	201,855.36
National bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Dividends unpaid	585.00
Deposits—	
Individual	$9,134,545.48
Deposits, banks	4,153,547.16
	13,288,092.64
Total	$15,635,532.94

OFFICERS:

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice-President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice-President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY R. KENT, 2d Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE E. ADAMS, ROBT. E. JENKINS,
WM. A. HAMMOND, WM. R. PAGE,
S. B. COBB, WALTER L. PECK,
GEO. SCHNEIDER, CHAS. R. CORWITH,
WM. D. KERFOOT, PAUL JUERGENS,
AUG. S. CAMPBELL.

TRUE TO HIS LOVE.

A HUSBAND WHO CHERISHED THE MEMORY OF HIS DEAD WIFE.

The Peculiar Fashion In Which He Showed His Faithfulness—Always Acted As If His Wife Was Still With Him—The Pathetic Story Told by a Hotel Clerk.

The Sun reporter was leaning in a graceful attitude against the counter of an up town hotel office, conversing in an insouciant and nonchalant manner with the haughty and imperious clerk, as reporters always do, when a nice looking old gentleman, with just enough provincialism in his appearance to show that he was not a New Yorker, though he might have come from Philadelphia or any other rural district, came up to the register as if he had been there before and wrote his name and address. In a few minutes the clerk had sent him off to his room with a bellboy and resumed his conversation.

"Queer old chap," he said, nodding in the direction of the departing guest.

The reporter whirled the register around to look at the name.

"Yes?" he replied questioningly. "I see that he has signed himself and wife. Where's the wife? In the ladies' parlor?"

"That's the queer part of it," continued the clerk with an evident purpose of telling a story, and the reporter became interested. "There isn't any wife. He's a widower, and has been for 15 years, but he has been signing it that way for the ten years I have known him. He is now 60, and was married at 40, and the romance is as pretty as it is pathetic."

"And unusual," ventured the reporter, "if he is faithful to the memory of one woman, and that woman his wife. Widowers are not all so."

"That is why this one's story is the more interesting. Let me tell you. At 25 he was a poor young clerk in a western town and was romantically and deeply in love with a pretty girl of 20. It may be said that she was in love with him, too, but he had queer notions, and as they were both poor, and a rich man was anxious to marry the girl, he never told his love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek, as it were, and he pined in thought and with a green and yellow melancholy sat, like patience on a monument, while the other man married her.

"At 34 she was a widow and poor, for her husband had dissipated his fortune, and our friend here, still a bachelor and as much in love as ever, was a successful merchant. This time he was braver, for he was possessed of the sinews of war, and within a year's time he had married her. It was rather hasty on her part, possibly, but he had waited long enough and was so importunate that she compromised with him on one year instead of the regulation two of widowhood. They came to this hotel on their wedding tour and were here two weeks, and one of the proprietors of the hotel informs me that he never has seen a couple more suited to each other and better satisfied with each other. After that he came to the city in the spring and autumn to buy goods, and she always accompanied him, and they seemed to be no farther away from the honeymoon season with each recurring year.

"At last, after the fifth spring trip, he did not come, but his manager did, and he said that the wife had died and the husband's mind was affected, though they hoped he would come around all right in time. In the following spring he came again, but he was not the same man any more. His mind was clear on all business matters, but he was 'queer' about his wife, and a sadder faced man couldn't be found anywhere. The old clerk, who had been at the counter on his previous visits, was there when he came again, and after greeting him pleasantly turned the register around for him to sign it. He responded as usual, and when the clerk looked at the name it was followed as before by 'and wife,' as he had been accustomed to sign it. The clerk was about to call his attention to it, but a second thought prompted him not to notice it, and he sent the guest to the bridal chamber, the room he and his wife always occupied, as they did on their first visit.

"During his stay of a week he had very little to say, and if any reference was made to his wife he responded as if she were still alive and was with him at the hotel. At the table, too, he had a place for her, and her meals were served as if she had been there to eat them. When he was ready to go and came for his bill, it was made out as usual, and he paid for two people without comment. Ten years ago, when I came into the office, I received my instructions concerning our peculiar guest and have since my first meeting him acted with him exactly as if he were accompanied by his wife. I have learned that he follows the same course in all that he does in any way connected with her. He buys two railroad tickets, two theater tickets, two places in any conveyance, two everything, where she might have gone with him, and on trips where she would not have accompanied him in life, such as short trips from his town or to affairs of any kind where it was probable she would not have cared to go, he provides only for himself. He seems to understand what she would be doing all these years and acts accordingly. You noticed him sign that register and go off up stairs?" concluded the clerk. "Well, he does all the rest in the same confident way, just as if she were with him and his first consideration was for her."

"You may not be a poet," said the reporter, "but the story you tell is a poem that all men should learn and cherish in their hearts."—New York Sun.

A Remedy at Hand.

Customer—I'm half sorry I bought that necktie now. It's too loud.

Salesman—Let me sell you a muffler. —B. K. & Co. Monthly.

HOW DUFFY STOLE A JAIL.

It Was a Box Car, and He Coupled It to a Way Freight.

This is the narrative of Duffy's theft of a jail and the prisoners therein. Mr. Duffy, from the core of the nation's intellect, balloonist, manfish, tourist and orator, had found a friend who had indulged him to the extent of the following items, to wit: Three free drinks, one supper, one cigar. This story was his payment therefor. He unbuttoned his vest, for he had consumed a large, thick steak, two dishes of potatoes, two plates of bread, two cups of coffee, three large, heavy flannel cakes and a glass of milk.

"Three oratory an me gintlemanly instincts often lead me into pleasant fields an the company of conganial companions," he began. "I once committed most shameful larceny in the state of Indianny. I was tourin with a friend an we had journeyed as far as Jay county. Now, ye can't tell me that the people of a county with such a name can cope with a set of brains from Boston. We had reached the town of Portland. Me friend committed the indiscretion of becomin hungry an was arrested. I brought me intillict to bear upon the sitooation an kept well fed an free.

"Now, Portland was the county sate, an the jail had recently been burined to the ground. The sheriff therefore kep' his prisoners in a box car down on the railroad thrack, the same bein loaned by a conservative company, the which didn't want the prisoners beatin their way on its trains. Me friend was dumped into this jail. Me an me intillict staid on the outside.

"I agitated me thinker all day an by nightfall had planned the deliverance of me friend an his fellow incarcerates. At supper toime the gyard went away home, leavin his lantern by the trackside. It was me intintion to prise the door off the car, an I was lookin about fer a prise whin I heard a train comin. Me intillict was equal to the emergency. I took the gyard's lantern an flagged the train, which was of the way freight species, the hardest of all fer a tourist to travel under.

"The train stopped an the conductor says kind of impedint like, 'What'n'll d'je shtop this train fer?'

"'Me frien,' says I, 'this car is bound fer Tiffin, O., an me instructions was to shtop yez an hitch it on to yer train.' He grumbled a good deal, but hitched the car on, me hangin to the brake beam.

"It was along about 8 o'clock in the mornin when we crossed the Ohio loine an shtopped at a station. I crawled out, broke open the jail door wid a couplin pin an all me laddybacks come foorth, free as the air. An that's how I shtole the jail in Indianny. My, but I'm dry!"—Kansas City Star.

STRONG ON ECONOMY.

A Philadelphia Husband Dispenses With the Services of a Carpenter.

A newly married man, who had never had much experience in doing small jobs about the household, told several of his associates of his first attempt to gain his wife's approval by doing a favor for her.

"You know I am very fond of dogs," said he. "Well, I purchased a fine little fox terrier pup, and he was so full of ginger that he chewed up everything he could get at about the house and nearly worried my wife's pet cat to death. Then she suggested that I get a carpenter to build a pen in the yard for him. But I was strong on the economy lay and resolved to build the pen myself. The first thing I did was to order 12 feet of wire netting. It was the kind with holes in it about two inches in diameter. This cost me $3. When I got home, I found I had to have four posts, each five feet long, and these cost me $2. After I got the posts planted I had no hammer and nails. These cost me $2.20.

"I worked hard at the job for several evenings and finally completed it. Then I called my wife to bring out the pup, and I also expected to receive her congratulations. Triumphantly I placed the dog inside the inclosure and then waited to have my wife bestow her praise. The pup walked around the inclosure and then deliberately climbed up the coarse netting as easily as if it had been a stepladder and fell on the outside, and he's been at large ever since."—Philadelphia Record.

Where the Bee Works.

Properly considered, a beehive is a wonderful shop, and each individual insect is a curiosity. The inhabitants of a hive are classed as drones, workers and queens. The queen is the mother of every insect in the hive unless she has been installed instead of a queen who had died and left the hive without a mistress. The queen bee is the wonder of the whole insect tribe as far as egg laying is concerned, often depositing 4,000 eggs a day for days in succession during the most productive season. The chief wonder connected with the worker bee is the admirable manner in which his body is shaped and fitted with instruments for honey gathering. These natural instruments consist of cups, combs, brushes, knives, funnels, scrapers, etc., each of which is worthy of a week of careful and painstaking study under a high grade microscope.—Chicago Chronicle.

Maud's Presence of Mind.

Minnie—Did you hear of Maud Edith's wonderful presence of mind?

Mamie—Dear me, no. What was the occasion?

"Why, when her wheel began to run away down hill, she pulled back on the handle bars and screamed 'Whoa!' as loud as she could."—Indianapolis Journal.

The barber's art in Europe dates from the time of Alexander the Great, B. C. 330. He ordered every soldier to shave, lest the beard should give a handle to their enemies.

The birds of the south polar regions migrate north on the approach of winter.

EXERCISES FOR THE THROAT.

A Branch of Physical Culture Not Often Touched On.

The chronic sore throat is not infrequently produced by the misuse of the vocal organs. Very often that unruly little member, the tongue, is accountable for the difficulty, as it is for a great many other troubles in this transitory life. Many people have a habit when talking of pushing the tongue so far back against the delicate membranes that line the throat that irritation more or less painful is caused, and if it continues any length of time ulcers will form, and so will a doctor's bill.

Control of the tongue is excellent in all senses of the word. Physically this organ may be managed by depressing it into a hollow at a point three-quarters of an inch back of where the tip of it comes when in a natural position in the mouth and at the same time singing very light head tones. This exercise requires some patience at first, but the habit of keeping the tongue down is soon acquired. In speaking or singing it should not be allowed to hoop up and fill the mouth, thus interfering with the free passage of the tones of the voice from the throat to the front of the mouth, where they should strike and then escape clear as a bell. This hooping up of the tongue in the mouth is the cause of much of the indistinct and slovenly utterances to which we are too often obliged to listen.

In many people we notice the line from the point of the chin to the neck is in the form of a right angle. In a shapely throat this line forms a curve just as a canary's does when the small yellow artist is warbling his carols.

To develop the throat and make this angle a curve, stand before a mirror so that you may watch the throat swell out. Now thrust your tongue out as far as it will go, then draw it back quickly and forcibly, at the same time bringing it downward in the mouth as far as you can. Place your thumb and forefinger against the larynx (commonly called the Adam's apple), and if you are making the right movement you will feel the larynx pass downward. For a week or two make the movements lightly. After that time put as much force into it as you can. The exercise should be practiced for a few minutes several times a day to insure rapid and good results.

To fill up the hollows of the neck, stand correctly, and then slowly fill the lungs with air without elevating your shoulders. As the air is forced upward into the throat hold it there a few seconds and then expel slowly. This exercise is best performed soon after rising in the morning and before retiring at night.—New York Post.

SCIENCE TOO SLOW.

Discovery of Cat Language Not Likely to Be of Much Use.

"We live and learn," said the ordinary man. "I always thought that a cat could either mew or purr or spit or leave it alone. It now seems that I've done an injustice to the beast's vocabulary. Professor Marvin Clark, I'm told, has been studying the language of cats, and has discovered 600 'primitive words.'"

"Of which," the mere boy said, "599 are either blasphemous or improper."

"The professor doesn't say so, and I don't see how you found it out."

"I see this professor says that cat language bears a resemblance to Chinese. It's rather rough to insult a fallen and vanquished nation that way."

"Well, if there's anything in it," the ordinary man remarked, "it would account for the Chino-Japanese war in a novel and perfectly satisfactory way. But really, when one comes to think of it, it is much easier to believe that cats talk than that monkeys talk. Cats and owls both make sounds exactly like the sound of a human voice. Given a churchyard, a dark night and a white cat, and you have all the materials of a ghost story."

"It's a pity," the journalist said, "that discoveries of this kind cannot be turned to some practical use. Why don't they discover the language of the horse? It would make driving much easier if you could tell the geo exactly what you wanted and explain to it verbally the perfectly innocuous character of any object at which it might be likely to shy."

"Ah!" said the eminent person. "Before that discovery arrives we shall have the autocars and no horses at all."—Black and White.

Call Them Wheelways.

There is need of a good word for designating a road from place to place exclusively for bicycles. Bicycle path is the term commonly used. There are several reasons why this is not a suitable term.

In the first place, the word path probably is derived from the Greek verb patein (to walk), and means a footway. Secondly, the expression is too long; it has four syllables. Thirdly, it is clumsy; it has two accents. Fourthly, it is not euphonic.

Instead of bicycle path The Companion respectfully suggests wheelway. This word is analogous in its formation to driveway. The word has not been used in any other sense except by one or two writers incorrectly to designate those parts of a wagon road in which the wheels run. Way means the entire road, and not some part of it. Wheelway is better than wheel road for the same reason that driveway is better than drive road. It suggests recreation before utility.—Youth's Companion.

A Sordid View of It.

"There's a great difference between Pfisher's two boys. He gave each of them $10,000. Silas has invested his money in real estate. Julius is spending his in fine cloathes."

"Don't you worry about Julius. He's spending his money in buying cut flowers for the rich Miss Boodelle. It'll pay him a bigger interest some day than ever Silas will get."

P. S.—It did.—Chicago Tribune.

THE RABBIT SCOURGE

HOW THE AUSTRALIANS TRY TO DEAL WITH THIS PEST.

Fences Made of Netting Over 400 Miles Long—Enormous Cost of Fighting the Plague—Millions Have Been Slaughtered but Numbers Continue to Increase.

When the New South Wales government, it will be remembered, offered a reward of £25,000 to any person or persons who could suggest a really efficient method of getting rid of the pest; but, although this liberal offer led to the receipt of no fewer than 2,000 schemes from all parts of the world, none of them was regarded as satisfactory, and the offer was withdrawn. The domestic cat was introduced, and in certain limited areas did much service. Poisons were largely resorted to, and ferrets, stoats and weasels have been imported in thousands into some of the colonies and have increased fast. But hitherto the rabbits, owing to the rate at which they multiply, have managed not only to hold their own, but to constantly spread over new ground, carrying destruction with them wherever they go.

In South Australia, for instance, the direct loss from the rabbits has been put down at £250,000 per annum and the indirect loss at a similar amount. In Victoria the active operations for the destruction of rabbits on crown lands have been carried on by the government since 1880, and from that date to the middle of 1894 a total of nearly £300,000 had been spent by the state on that object. As for the money spent by private individuals for the same purpose, that is almost incalculable, but it may be mentioned that on one estate alone upward of £15,000 have been expended by the owner, with the view of clearing his land of the pest.

In the 17 years ending with 1893 nearly 68,000,000 rabbit skins, valued at £403,000, were exported from Victoria, without counting the large quantities used by hat manufacturers in the colony, one establishment alone using 374,400 every year. Yet, notwithstanding all this slaughter, the present infested area throughout the colony is estimated by the chief inspector at no less than 37,750,000 acres. Adding to the direct expenditure the depreciations of the grazing values of the land, the loss to the colonies concerned amount to millions of pounds sterling.

The final outcome of royal commissions, of international conferences and of the testing of every practical method of extermination, is that the most effectual method of dealing with the evil is found to be the construction of rabbit proof netting, by means of which the animals can be kept from areas not yet infested, can be shut off from food supplies, and can be more effectually dealt with locally.

The length of some of these fences is enormous. There is one starting at Barringun, on the Queensland border, and following the main trunk line from Bourke to Corowa, a distance of 407 miles, and there is another along the entire western boundary of New South Wales, a distance of 346 miles. The Queensland government, too, has erected a similar fence along a considerable portion of the northern boundary of New South Wales, but the surveyor general of Queensland, in the report already referred to, says that "the rabbits must have come through the fence in mobs and droves of innumerable multitudes at some time," and thus have established themselves in Queensland as well.

This, of course, is the weak point in regard to fences, which are liable to break down in places, more especially in times of flood and where they cross over creeks, while the keeping of constant supervision over the fences, so that immediate repairs can be done where openings appear, is quite impracticable where the distances are so great. In many instances countless thousands of rabbits have been seen on one side of a fence dead or dying of starvation after eating all the available food supplies and leaping up at the fence in their attempts to surmount it. One can imagine how they would rush through in the event of any opening appearing and how a single break in the fence might be the doom of a country not previously infested.

There have been many projects for the commercial utilization of the animals by sending them over here in order to contribute both to our food supplies and to the cost of their own destruction, but hitherto the enterprise has not been very profitable, while some of the most competent authorities in the colonies think that if it should be followed up the result may be to conserve the rabbits instead of getting rid of them. On the other hand, too, the shipping of some hundreds of thousands, or even a million or two, of rabbits to Great Britain every year would not be likely to make any appreciable difference on the numbers left behind to constitute what it is feared must be regarded as a post now altogether ineradicable.—London Times.

His Liberal Reward.

The champion mean man up town seems to be a young man who recently advertised in the papers offering a "liberal" reward for the return of a pocketbook containing $30 in cash and some valuable papers. Two young men found the pocketbook in Norristown and called at the loser's house to return it. He handed one of them 50 cents. The finders protested, saying that it had cost them 65 cents to come down from Norristown, and that they hadn't enough money to get home again. The fortunate owner of the pocketbook dismissed them with the remark that he couldn't help that.—Philadelphia Record.

A Hot One.

"Smith got off a bright thing the other day."

"What was it?"

"A lighted cigar some one had carelessly dropped into the chair he sat on."—Detroit Free Press.

USES OF COLLEGE TRAINING.

Not to Make Experts, but to Fit Men For Large, Intelligent Work.

"It is not entirely safe to claim that every kind of success, even of legitimate success, will be promoted by a college training," writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in The Ladies' Home Journal. "If I had a boy for whom it was my supreme ambition that he should become rich, I should not send him to college. So far from helping his prospects in that direction it would probably damage them. Money making is a trick. The easy acquisition of it is a knack. It involves the condensation of interest and faculty along a particular line, and that a narrow line. There is nothing to hinder a very small man from being a very wealthy one. Shrewdness does not imply a bigmindedness. I might say with a good deal of assurance that it implies the contrary. And shrewdness has more than anything else to do with the acquisition of gain.

"There are a great many things that can be best done by the man who does not know too much, or, at least, by the man whose intelligence is concentrated at a single point or along a single line. The mechanic who has come to be known among us as 'the wizard' would, perhaps, have been more of a man if he had gone to Harvard, but it would probably have spoiled him as a 'wizard.' Genius is presumably always a species of mania, and liable, therefore, to become something very ordinary if successfully subjected to the processes of the asylum. They had better be kept away from college if the design is to make them experts. College will be able to give them a character of 'all roundness,' but a knife cannot be round and sharp at the same time; neither can a boy.

"If we are going to do large, intelligent work, the prime condition is the possession of an intellect trained and stocked in the same general and comprehensive way. College training is simply the process of intellectually getting ready, not getting ready for this, that or the other specific mental service, but simply getting ready — planting down a broad foundation of preliminary big enough to support any breadth or height of superstructure that there may be need or opportunity to put upon it. The college course and the requisite preparatory training cost about seven years of the best and most possible period of a man's life. But if a young man hopes to do a large, solid work in the world, a work in which intelligence of a broad kind is to play any considerable part, and there is no antecedent obstacle in the way, he makes an irreversible mistake if he considers seven years too much to pay for a liberal education."

THE BLUEFISH BRIGADE.

What Happens When the Blues Make a Charge Upon the Menhaden.

"When menhaden or herring are driven upon the beach by bluefish, as they often are, so that they can be carried off by the cartload," said a fisherman, "there is very seldom found among them one of their pursuers, and if one is found it is likely to be a fish that is diseased or that has been hurt in some way. The bluefish follows to the very verge of the water, but there it stops, and it is so powerful and alert a swimmer that, close as it is, it still easily keeps clear of the land. The menhaden or herring are no mean swimmers. They could come as close and keep off the shore as easily as the bluefish do, but not when the bluefish are after them. Then they are like men pursued to the edge of a precipice. It is almost certain death to jump, but they must do that or turn and take the chances of breaking through the pursuing line.

"When the bluefish—there may be 3,000 or 4,000 of them together—sight a school of menhaden, they go for it like a brigade of heavy cavalry, cutting and slashing, snapping and biting, right and left. The menhaden are simply overborne by superior weight, and there is nothing for them to do but flee. If they are driven toward the shore, the land is to them what the precipice would be to the man. They must take it or they must turn and try to fight their way through. Many do turn and try to swim under or over or around the savage bluefish, and some escape in this way, and some are snapped up, and some are maimed and then cast ashore, and many of them, crowding together, are so closely pressed that they are practically forced ashore.

"Sometimes fish that are not cast up very far flop down into the water again. A high wave may set some free. A fish thus liberated may find its fins so damaged that it can't swim, and it is cast up again. Weakened by its rough experience, it may fall a prey to some of the bluefish yet lingering off shore. It may escape."—New York Sun.

Glass Coffins.

Local undertakers are interested in the proposition of an Indiana company to manufacture glass coffins on a large scale. George F. Kimball, the plate glass manufacturer, states that the idea is entirely practicable, and that coffins can be made from glass much more cheaply than from wood. Mr. Kimball thought that such coffins could be constructed in the cheaper grades for not more than 50 cents a running foot. Coffins made from glass would be much more durable than metallic caskets, and their extreme cheapness would cause their adoption extensively in cases where death is due to contagious diseases, in which the law requires a hermetically sealed casket. A new method of manufacturing glass whereby it is made to resemble wood will enable the manufacturer to lend infinite variety to his product.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Lesson In Punctuation.

Professor in English (to young man)—How would you punctuate the following: "The beautiful girl, for such was she, was passing down the street?"

Student—I think, professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl.—Strand Magazine.

SING AGAIN.

You sang me a song.
'Twas the close of the year.
Sing again!
I cannot remember the name
Or the words.
'Tis the same
We listen to hear
When the windows are open in spring
And the air's full of birds.
One calls from the branch some sweet thing
And one sings on the wing
The refrain.
You sang me a song
My heart thrilled to hear.
The refrain
Has run like a illict of gold
Through the woof
Of the cold
Dark days of a year.
Tonight there's a year at its start,
All the birds are aloof.
Your eyes hold the sun for my part,
And the spring's in your heart.
Sing again!
—Scribner's Magazine

ENGLAND'S FOOD SUPPLY.

And How It Might Be Endangered In Certain War Contingencies.

Strong as the English war fleet is, it is very far from being strong enough to successfully engage a possible combination of fleets and at the same time protect our sea borne food supply. If the United States and Russia declared war with England, there would practically be no food supply left to protect. They would keep the immense supplies we now get from them at home, and the fear of capture or destruction would effectually prevent Argentina and other neutrals from sending food to us in any sufficient quantity.

What is wanted is that, instead of only a precarious week's supply, we should have stored up in this country enough corn to last for at least 12 months. Experts in the corn trade agree that there would be no insuperable difficulty in gradually accumulating this store of corn. It would be for experts to advise as to the best methods and places of storage.

Perhaps the best plan would be to distribute it over the country in magazines at the military depots, giving the military authorities charge of it, but if it was in the country and safe it would not so much matter where it was. Although most of our corn is made into flour at the great ports, it would not be wise, seeing that most of them are so defenseless, to store it there.

The entire control and management of this great national store of corn should be under some permanent government department. Although its existence could not fail to have a steadying effect on the corn market, it should be outside all speculative influences, the price at which it would be sold, when necessary to sell it, being fixed by law. It would be no sacrifice, in the long run, for the country to provide such a reserve of food, as it would always be worth its cost.

Other nations accumulate gold for use in wartime. We should have a war chest of corn. If we have it, what will it do?

It will give our navy time to devote itself to the crushing of the navy or navies opposed to us. It will give us time, with our great resources, to augment our fighting fleet to almost any extent, and it will give our farmers time to grow three or four times as much corn and breed a much larger quantity of cattle and sheep than they now do.—Nineteenth Century.

A Patent Flycatcher.

A machine for catching flies off the backs of cattle, and so affording the animals relief and comfort, has been invented by a farmer in Madison county, Ky. The flycatcher is a kind of covered pen or passageway through which the animal must walk to secure relief. A few feet from the entrance there is a cupola or dome in the roof of the passageway, made of glass and arranged as a flytrap. Beyond this the passage is darkness. The animal walks through the machine, and just as it passes under the dome and enters the darkened part a set of brushes sweeps off the flies, which naturally rise into the lighted dome, and the steer passes out at the other side free of flies. The flies are retained in the dome trap. The inventor has experimented with his machine and finds that the animals soon learn the value of the machine and know enough to walk through it when the flies begin to bite. The device has been patented.

Bernhardt's Debut.

"The divine Sarah" has just been describing the emotions that shook her when she appeared for the first time on the boards: "I can picture the evening as though it were now. The excitement—oh, it was so grand!—drew forth my inmost passion, for I was very young then, you know, and it gave me zest and fervor for the ordeal I had to face. I can see the little theater and the people seated in the audience. My heart for the moment seemed to stand still. The first words I uttered fell from my lips with distinct accent. I made one grand step forward, and then all my nervousness vanished."

Drudgery.

The everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon its wheels the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—Longfellow.

Art thou a man, and shamst thou not to beg, to practice such a servile kind of life? Why, were thy education ne'er so mean, having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses offer themselves to thy election.—Ben Jonson.

Letter writers in Spain receive about 10 cents a page for writing letters. If required to take extra pains, as with a young woman's love letter, they charge 15 cents.

Rhode Island over 100 years ago was called Little Rhody, an allusion to the diminutive size of this commonwealth.

FREAKISH STREAMS.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF SOME LARGE RIVERS.

The Mississippi No Longer Holds First Place In North America—A River of Writing Fluid—Wonderful Channel of "China's Sorrow."

It is a recognized fact in science that very few great rivers have been thoroughly explored by going up stream. For nearly 2,000 years travelers and explorers endeavored to discover the sources of the Nile by ascending that wonderful river. But by the time they had reached the difficult part of the stream their supplies and energy were exhausted, and they could go no farther. It is only by seeking the sources of rivers by overland routes that explorers meet with success. It was in this manner that Henry M. Stanley traced the route of the Kongo in Africa. In this way of procedure Frederick Schwatka was enabled to float down to Yukon and Speke found the secret of the river Nile.

One of the most curious rivers that has come to the knowledge of men is the Webbe Shebeyli, of eastern Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in strange fish and ferocious crocodiles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region a few miles from the Indian ocean.

Some of the more recent explorers of Alaska and British America claim that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yukon river. According to Ivan Petroff, who spent over two years in Alaska, collecting materials for the last census, the Yukon empties into Norton sound about one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the gulf of Mexico. The Yukon basin comprises the larger part of northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its mouth the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as the water highway into the interior, for tribes that we believe to have crossed from Asia to the American continent. The Yukon river is over 2,000 miles in length.

Travelers report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which the chemistry of nature has turned into ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes large quantities of gallic acid. Letters have been written with the natural compound of iron and gallic acid which forms this small, yet wonderful, stream.

The Rio de Vinagre, in Colombia, is a stream the waters of which, by admixture with sulphuric acid, become so sour that the river has been appropriately named the Rio de Vinagre, or Vinegar river.

The Orange or Garieb river, in southern Africa, rises in the mountains which separate Natal from the Orange River Free State. The length of this stream is 1,000 miles. Its banks abound in various valuable woods, and around it are found rich copper ores. In this stream are many varieties of fish, which are found until the river passes through a rocky region containing copper, below which the water is said to be poisonous, almost instantly killing the fish that venture near it.

"China's Sorrow," a curious name for a river, is the title bestowed upon the great Hoang Ho, which rises in the mountains of Tibet and follows a wonderfully circuitous channel for 2,500 miles to the Yellow sea. The waywardness of this mighty volume of water makes the river a constant source of anxiety and danger to the 170,000,000 of people inhabiting the central plain Asia. It is known to have suddenly changed its course nine times. It has moved its mouth four degrees of latitude each time, emptying its vast floods in different directions, and finding a new channel for itself where scores of towns and villages have stood. The river has greatly changed the physical character of a wide area, converting fertile regions into a sandy desert or making shallows of them. Whether it is within the power of modern science to save this great plain from disastrous overflow and changes of the river's bed is a question which during late years has been widely discussed, especially in the scientific circles of Paris and London.

Another remarkable river is the Indus, a great stream in Hindustan. It rises in Tibet, and its course is a wonderful one. On reaching Sussi, its most northern point, it turns southward, loses itself in the hills and reappears at Takot in Kohistan. The Indus is 1,700 miles in length. After receiving the waters of many tributaries its channel grows narrow, and here it is divided into many channels, some of which never return to the parent stream. It abounds in fish and crocodiles.

That classical river, the Ganges, is erratic in its course, like the Hoang Ho. It is prominent both in the religion and the geography of India. It varies not only from season to season, but from year to year, and frequently exchanges old passages for new ones. It has been said that the Ganges delivers into the sea every year 534,000,000 tons of mud, sand and other solid matter.—Philadelphia Press.

Self Defense.

"So you accompanied your wife to the play, after all?"

"Yes. I happened to think that if I didn't she would tell me all about it when she came home."—Chicago Record.

Over one-third of the entire population of the globe, or about 400,000,000 people, speak nothing but the Chinese language.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

He Was the Ablest and Most Courageous of the Emperor's Brothers.

The younger brother had, after the first juvenile heats of radicalism, become a moderate republican, holding his convictions resolutely. Having opposed the hereditary consulate for Napoleon, he withdrew, unmindful of any reward he might have claimed for his services of Brumaire, to lead a life of study and cultivate his inborn literary tastes. On the death of his first wife, by whom he had two daughters, he married, in direct opposition to Napoleon's wishes, the beautiful and accomplished Mme. de Jauberthon. This was in 1803. He had been importuned to put her away and lend himself to the project of buttressing the empire by himself accepting a crown and contracting a royal marriage. He was by far the ablest and most courageous of the Bonaparte brothers, but his heart was true, his principles were fixed, and he was utterly indifferent to the rise of Napoleonic empire.

It was with reluctance that he came to Mantua. There are two accounts of what happened there—that which has long been accepted of Napoleon offering and Lucien hotly refusing the crown of Portugal, with the hand of Prince Ferdinand for his daughter Charlotte, and that which makes the first offer to have been Etruria. Both accounts agree, however, that the bid was raised to the promise of Italy—all on condition that he should divorce his wife and rule in the interest of his brother's imperial power. Lucien disdained even this bribe, declaring that he would accept the crown, but that he would rule in the interests of his subjects, and that he would in no case consider a divorce. Angry words were spoken. Napoleon crushed in his hand a watch with which he had been toying, hissing out that thus he would crush wills which opposed his. "I defy you to commit a crime," retorted Lucien.

Before parting there was a half reconciliation, and Napoleon requested that at least his brother's eldest daughter might be sent to Paris for use in his scheme of royal alliances. Lucien assented, and the child, a clever girl of about 14, was sent to live with Mme. Mere. She was thoroughly discontented and wrote bright, sarcastic letters to her stepmother, whom she loved, depicting the avarice of her grandmother and the foibles of her other relatives. These, like all other suspected letters of the time, were intercepted and read in the "cabinet noir." Their contents being made known to Napoleon, he sent the petulant, witty writer back to her father. Despairing of any support from Lucien or his family, Napoleon formally adopted his stepson Eugene, the viceroy, with a view to consolidating and confirming the Italian feeling of dependence on France.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

AUSTRIA'S BARBERS.

They Must Be Apprenticed Three Years and Pass Examination.

The Austrians take no chances with their barbers. They must be good, and the Barbers and Wigmakers' union of Vienna sees to it that they are. Provision is also made in their code for women barbers who desire to carry on the business of their husbands in case of the latters' death or illness.

But in order to do this the wife must have been enrolled in the union as an apprentice for three years. Apprentices, by the rules of the union, must appear in Vienna in the presence of judges of the union and show their skill before they are allowed to open shops of their own.

A properly certified barber must have a knowledge of and pass an examination in shaving, hair cutting, hair curling and wigmaking, and during the period before the issuance of a certificate the poor and others who are frugal serve as subjects for experiment.

At the examination the young men have their razors dulled by four strokes in a pine plank, and they must then sharpen them. A subject is assigned to each, who must be tonsorially perfect, in the opinion of the judges, when the apprentice has released him.

After this a certificate is issued and the apprentice serves two years as a journeyman before he may open a shop as an employer. The average age of apprentices when they begin to learn their trade is 13 years.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When Economy Economizes.

"Will it pay?" should be the first question asked when looking over the old clothes with a view to making over. Time should be considered first, and if it can be put to a better use then let the garment go and buy a new one. If time will permit, then consider whether the garment will look well enough when completed to be satisfactory. Will it have a shabby, made over look, and, if so, will a quantity of new material remove that objection? Then consider the expense of the new goods, make a few figures if necessary, and, once deciding that it is a paying investment, rip, cleanse and make, with a hearty faith in the good results.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Good Thing.

Johnny (who has been watching a funeral for the first time)—Mamma, why do they all wear black?

Mamma—People always wear black when they have lost any of their family

Johnny—And do they have to get everything new?

Mamma—Oh, I suppose so.

Johnny—Well, it's a good thing the Smiths' cat is black.—New York Journal.

The Chinese are believed to be the second people to manufacture paper from vegetable fiber. The Chinese annals place the invention at a date probably about 1,500 years before Christ.

A lovely being scarcely formed or molded, a rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.—Byron.

SOME ANIMAL HUNTERS.

Strategy by Which California Coyotes Run Down a Jack Rabbit.

An Indian will often take a deer's trail, when deer are scarce, and follow it for days, preventing the deer from feeding or resting and making it so weary and careless that in the end he kills it by a shot at short range. Probably the Indians first learned to follow a deer in this fashion from observing the habits of wolves, panthers and other wild and tireless trailers of game.

The coyote is not so strong a wolf as its big gray cousin in Maine and other wolf countries. Nevertheless he has been known to run the jack rabbit down as surely as death, but in a more expeditious way than the Maine animal adopted. Whether it is a habit or not of the coyotes to run jack rabbits in pairs cannot be said for certain, but a story was told some time ago in a well known sportsman's paper which, being backed by a similar story of English foxes, has every appearance of being truthful.

The two coyotes were seen to jump a rabbit one day out in California on a mesa. One of the coyotes took after it on the dead jump, the other trotted to a near by rise and lay down, with its nose on its paws, knowing that the rabbit would surely circle. Pretty soon along came the jack rabbit with the other coyote behind, both going full tilt. Up jumped the waiting coyote, and away it went after the rabbit, while the other dropped out of the chase and waited, as its companion had done, to take the trail on the rabbit's return. It was not long before the rabbit was exhausted by the strategy and endurance of both the animals of prey and soon fell an easy victim to be eaten by both the hunters.

J. B. Bennet of Brooklyn saw a fox early one morning lying beside the open, narrow gate of a rabbit proof fence that surrounded a 40 acre plantation not far from the Marquis of Queensberry's game preserve in Scotland. Looking over into the inclosure, he saw another fox chasing the rabbits that had entered the open gate to get at the cabbages there. The rabbits—eight or ten of them—were headed for the gate and running like "cutty sarks." When one plunged through the gateway, the fox lying alongside it leaped and had it by the back of the neck in a jiffy. Then the foxes tore the rabbit to pieces and "enjoyed the feast like honest sportsmen."—New York Sun.

WHERE JOHN BULL GOT HIS NAME.

Story of the Origin of Great Britain's Usual Nickname.

John Bull, the mythical personage supposed to represent the English people and now figuring largely in our editorial writing and in cartoons, was the invention of Dr. Arbuthnot in one of his satirical sketches ridiculing the great Duke of Marlborough. In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Arbuthnot was "the first man among eminent writers in Queen Anne's time." He drew John Bull as the typical Englishman—a stout, red faced old farmer, far too corpulent for comfort, choleric, but withal an honest and well meaning fellow. He clothed him in leather breeches and topboots, put a stout oaken cudgel in his hand and a bulldog at his heels and set him up for all time to serve as the representative Englishman.

He may have been not so bad a caricature in the days of Queen Anne, but today certainly there is much force in Leslie Stephen's remark that "he completely hides the Englishman of real life." The average Englishman of today is physically no stouter certainly than—probably not so stout as—the average American, and the stout cudgel and the bulldog are no longer apt symbols of the modern Britisher's disposition. He has lost the excessive pugnacity of his forefathers and is, above all, anxious to keep the peace with his Uncle Samuel.—Baltimore Sun.

Family Pets and Women.

The family of the late General McClellan were devoted to animals. Indeed Miss McClellan carried her devotion so far that she used to take her white mice (which were named, by the way, after the kings of the ancient Egyptian dynasties) to the Italian opera, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger did her celebrated turtle, Mlle. Michette, which, attired in its rosy colored sash, used to be brought in on a tray by the butler to show to casual callers. When the McClellans' house down town was burned some years ago, the family pets included an elderly and infirm cat, Samuel J. Tilden by name. Mrs. McClellan stood on the sidewalk watching the destruction of her household goods and exclaimed in great anxiety, "Oh, where is Samuel?" A kindly fireman overheard her. "Do not fear, madam, the children will be all saved."

It is pleasant to record that Samuel was rescued uninjured.—New York Journal.

The "Electric Magnet."

Annie May Abbott, the famous "electric magnet," whose feats of strength created a considerable sensation some years ago, is amusing herself now with the strong men of China and Japan. The Japanese wrestlers, whose physical strength is celebrated the world over, were unable to raise Miss Abbott from the floor, while with the tips of her fingers she neutralized their most strenuous efforts to lift light objects, such as a cane from a table. The Japanese papers say this is hypnotism, while the Chinese journals accuse her of being in league with the powers of evil.

D'Aumale's Retort.

One of the friends of the Duc d'Aumale the other day, in talking to the prince of the coming marriage of the second daughter of the Duc de Chartres to the son of Marshal MacMahon, referred to its possible political effects. "Yes," said the former commander of the Seventh corps, "we have been forbidden to give our sons to the army, so we give our daughters."

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

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Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
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Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
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Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
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Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

[illegible] President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
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Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
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Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

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Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
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Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
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DIVISION 11.

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Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

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Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
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DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

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President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

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Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, James Meeney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

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Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

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Vice President, James Collins.
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Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

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Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
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Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
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Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
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Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

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Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
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Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

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Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
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DIVISION 30.

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Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
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Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

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Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Deneen.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
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First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

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Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Rocha.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

WOES OF A RESTAURANT KEEPER.

His Napkins and Even His Casters Carried Off by Customers.

It was during the second half of the rush for dinner in a restaurant near Washington market, where several thousands persons are fed daily, when a great clamor arose for napkins, and waiters rushed about gathering up what few could be found on the tables and distributing these, and others were dispatched to the laundry for more. Henry, the head waiter, went around meantime trying to pacify the people, who were angry and declaring that it was a shame that the house couldn't give a man a napkin to wipe his mouth with. Some customers fell back upon the time honored custom of the neighborhood and used the corners of the tablecloths in lieu of the missing napkins.

"It's a curious and an annoying matter how we run out of napkins every little while," said Henry. "You might suppose that because they are laundered so frequently they disappear in the regular way by wearing out, but that is not true. You will seldom see napkins in a restaurant which show the effect of wear. They go because they are stolen. This is true not only of such popular restaurants as this, but also of every restaurant in this city. Who takes them I do not know. All we know is that they disappear regularly, and our supposition is that some are carried off by people who deliberately intend to steal them and others by persons who put them into their pockets by mistake. I know one such person as this. It was a woman of undoubted honesty, but it was a joke among the members of her own family that she never dined at a hotel or restaurant without carrying off a napkin which she had unconsciously stuffed into her pocket. We got 18 dozen big dinner napkins a few weeks ago. Within three weeks they had all disappeared but five dozen, and now there isn't one in the house.

"Tableware goes in the same way sometimes. A little while ago we got eight dozen of these salt and pepper casters." Here Henry pointed to some neat little cut glass casters with silver plated tops. "We put them on the tables during the time the wagon boys were coming in here for breakfast last fall, just before they would start out to sell their day's buyings on the streets. 'Bully gee!' they would say. 'That's a pretty nice thing. I guess I'll swipe it just for luck—see?' And when they left every day we would miss a few casters. Five dozen of them were lost within a few weeks."—New York Sun.

Pleasures of Playing "If."

Mr. Ferry—Why on earth do you spend so much time running around pricing things you have no notion of buying?

Mrs. Ferry—For the same reason, I suppose, that you sit around reading the sporting column of the paper and figuring up how much you might have won if you were a betting man. It is a sort of mental diversion.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Here is an excellent method of removing grease spots from a waxed floor: Pour spirits of turpentine on the spot and give it time to soak into the wood. Then cover with powdered talc and press with a warm but not very hot iron. The talc will absorb the grease. Brush off and polish the place anew with wax.

The surest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. More pleasure, sought outside of [illegible], is fraught with poison.—Bec[illegible]

"To be in a brown study is a corruption of brow study, a [illegible] ing much thought and [illegible] the brows.

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A Perfect Domestic Fuel,

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